McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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SECOND MEETING

Of the McKean County Publishers' Association, Held in Bradford On Monday.

The second meeting of the McKean County Publishers' Association was held at the St. James hotel, Monday afternoon, Feb. 9th, at two o'clock.

The meeting was called to order by President Lindsley and the following were present: H. J. Bryan, Bradford Era; R. P. Habgood, Bradford Star-Record; H. L. Backus, Smethport Miner; R. M. Swisher, Mt. Jewett News; S. R. Lindsley, Smethport Democrat; R. K. Godding, Kane Republican, and Gustine Cable of the Bradford Sunday Herald.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

H. J. Bryan read a paper on "Foreign Advertising," discussing the question from all sides. Remarks on the subject were made by all present. After the discussion it was moved by Cable and seconded by Backus that chair appoint a committee of three to investigate the matter and report at the next regular meeting. Whereupon the chair appointed Bryan, Habgood and Cable.

The next paper was on "Print Paper," by R. P. Habgood. The speaker strongly favored the purchase of print paper by the Association. This question was thoroughly thrashed out by the members and on motion by Swisher, and seconded by Godding, that the President appoint a committee of three to investigate the matter, the chairman appointed as the committee Habgood, Bryan and Cable to report at the next meeting.

R. M. Swisher then read a paper on "Free Advertising," discussing the matter so thoroughly that little room was left for further discussion. A few of the members related their experiences in the free advertising.

It was moved by Backus, and seconded by Godding that the publishers association demand for legal advertising the full amount of compensation allowed by law. After much discussion and several amendments, all of which were withdrawn, the original motion was put to a vote and carried.

R. K. Godding read the concluding paper on "The Job End of the Business," throwing some light on that subject and offered suggestions for its advancement.

The president was empowered to prepare questions and appoint members to discuss at the next meeting in Kane.

The meeting adjourned at 5:30 o'clock to meet again the first Monday after April 10th (April 11th) at Kane.

NEW DIVIDEND.

National Protective Legion Will Pay That Amount on Policies Maturing in 1910.

The Bolivar Breeze says: Policy holders in the National Protective Legion, with headquarters in Waverly, whose five year policies mature in 1910, will receive just $52.12. Quite a drop from $250, which was paid three years ago. The affairs of the legion, as far as the five year dividend is concerned, look darker and darker. The first cut, two years ago, was to $130, last year $113.96 was paid, and this year it is only $51.12 for full rate policies and $25.56 for half rate policies. The big cut is a keen disappointment to the policy holders. It was expected that a cut would be made, for such an edict had gone out from the home office, but it was never expected that it would be cut so low as this.

President Scott says that in two more years the dividends will leap upward in jumps and bounds. After an investigation by the state insurance department three years ago, the dividends were mathematically calculated from the actual premiums paid in, after all necessary expenses had been deducted. The balance left was divided pro rata among the remaining policy holders. That is the policy holders who will receive $51.12 this year will receive back that portion of their money which they have paid in during the five years, plus all money paid in on lapsed policies, and less the moneys paid out for sick an death benefits, during the last five years.

The Legion formerly had nearly 300 members in Bolivar. Now it has only 20.

Horses for Sale.

5 good horses 10 to 11 hundred lbs. broad tugs. Prices reasonable.

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1910.

Advertise in The Miner.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Miss Phoebe Gray Was Found in a Burning Bed.

Tuesday morning's Era says: Miss Phoebe Gray, who lives alone in a house in the rear of No. 54 North Cottage Row, had a narrow escape from death yesterday morning. She had been in poor health and when she retired Sunday night had pulled her bed close to a stove in the room. The bed clothing caught fire. Mrs. James Ringrose, who lives at No. 54 North Cottage Row heard screams and hastened to Miss Gray's apartments and found her lying on the floor. Her night clothing and her bed were burning. The room was full of smoke. Mrs. Ringrose succeeded in getting Miss Gray to the open air and soon Mr. Ringrose arrived and the sick woman was taken to their home. Later, in Sloan's ambulance, she was removed to the hospital, where it was found that her back had been painfully burned.

Had not assistance reached her in time the woman would doubtless have been burned to death. She was nearly overcome by the smoke.

Later—Miss Gray died at the Bradford hospital Tuesday noon and in all probability her death was hastened by the burns she received.

SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

House Committee Concludes to Not Raise the Rates as Desired by Some High Officials.

Washington, Feb. 8.—There is to be no increase in the postal rates of duty on second class matter, which includes magazines and newspapers. The House committee on postoffices and post roads, which has been tied up on this proposition for some days, has come to an agreement along this line, it is reported.

There is to be an investigation of the rates paid railroads for transporting the mails with a view to equalizing the pay and effecting the reductions. There are members of the committee who believe the railroads are being paid too much for their services when those services are compared with the railroad charges for service to the express companies.

There will be no attempt by the postoffice committee to force a mail subsidy provision through with the postoffice appropriation bill. The fight on mail and ship subsidy is to be made on the Humphrey bill, which has been reported by the committee on merchant marine and fisheries. Members of the postoffice committee favoring a mail subsidy will try to perfect the Humphrey bill along lines most favorable to mail subsidy.

Kept Marriage a Secret.

A marriage that has been kept a secret from many friends in this vicinity is that of Mr. Albert Anderson and Miss Ethel Blodgett, which was solemized in the Central Presbyterian church at Rochester, N. Y., during the summer of 1907. They were successful in keeping the secret until last Christmas when Mr. Anderson visited his parents at Port Allegany, and was accompanied by his wife and young son, Master Harold, a bright little fellow of one year of age. Mr. Anderson is well and favorably known in Coudersport and was one of the members of the once popular Thespian Club. He was employed in this office when J. B. Coulson was the editor.

Mrs. Anderson is a very amiable young lady and has a host of friends in Rochester, where this happy family are making their home. Mr. Anderson is at present employed in a book printing establishment as proof reader.—Potter Democrat.

Mr. Anderson formerly lived in Smethport and was chauffeur for Hon. R. W. Hilton one summer.

Mulvihill-Fellows.

Mrs. Edna Fellows and Mr. Cornelius Mulvihill, two well known residents of this place, were united in marriage at five o'clock on Monday morning in the Holy Rosary Catholic church by the pastor, Rev. Father Hickey. The bridal couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. John Gahn. The newly married copule will continue their residence at this place, Mr. Mulvihill being an employe at the Clarion mill.—Johnsonburg Breeze.

The groom is a brother of Maurice Mulvihill and Mrs. James Lynch of this place and lived here for a number of years. He has many friends here who will unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy married life.

Subscribe for The Miner.

RABBITS AS PESTS.

Farmers of This and Neighboring States Suffer Through Loss.

The deep snow of the present winter has aroused the farmers of this and adjoining states to the necessity of a change in the game laws that affords protection to rabbits, says the Kane Republican. From all sections where fruit growing is general the owners tell of the great destruction wrought by the cotton tails, who girdle the bark from fruit trees and eat the berry vines at the roots. The laws of this state permit a farm owner to shoot rabbits when he deems the animals a pest, but with the present condition of three or four feet of snow the rabbits are safe from the farmer's shotgun, and when the snow melts and the extent of the damage done is learned there promises to be a much more general demand that when necessary to rid a farm of the rabbit pest the land owner or fruit grower be permitted to use a ferret. The farmers in the vicinity of Spartansburg, Crawford county, on the Chautauqua division of the P. R. R., have been agitating this question in petitions addressed to their assemblymen and to the newspapers. The principal reason for the many safeguards the game laws throw around the wild rabbits is that where they are plentiful they furnish food for foxes, hawks, owls, weasels and other noxious animals who, otherwise would prey upon the ruffed grouse or quail in winter. At the 16th annual meeting the Farmers & Citizens Game and Fish Protective Association held at Jamestown, N. Y., last Saturday, the main topic of discussion was this pest. It was shown that the depredations committed by the rabbits on fruit trees and berry bushes were working great hardships upon the farmers and the rapidity with which the animals multiply there was need of immediate action to prevent them from becoming a pest. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That inasmuch as the state and nation are strongly advocating the planting of trees and preservation of the forests and that the members of this association having berry bushes and tracts of young fruit trees which are being destroyed by rabbits, we pray your honorable body to restore to the game laws of Chautauqua county the ferret as the only means of holding this pest in subjection and preserving the young trees."

I. O. O. F. Visit Hazelhurst.

The 11th anniversary of Hazelhurst Lodge was celebrated last evening by an invitation extended to Smethport Lodge 385, their wives, sweethearts and friends. A special train was chartered and a delegation of 75 merry people accepted the invitation and arrived in due time to participate in the merriment. The degree team of Smethport conferred the 1st degree upon a class of 3 candidates. This degree team enjoys the distinction of being the best in this section and the work was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The entertainment committee of Hazelhurst Lodge had arranged for a sumptuous repast in their well arranged dining hall and needless to say all did ample justice to the many good things with which the tables were laden. Cards, games and dancing was the order of the evening and to all appearances all had a most enjoyable time and one not soon to be forgotten.

At 1:30 the returning special left and the Smethport Lodge returned to their home a happy and satisfied throng. A vote of thanks was tendered the Smethport degree team and the same is due the visited lodge for all favors extended. ***

Resolutions of the P. H. C. Lodge on the Death of Brother F. B. Andrews.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our Circle Brother Fred Andrews to that great Home Circle in the Heavens

Resolved, that Smethport Circle No. 25, extend its deepest sympathy to the family of our departed Brother,

Resolved, that we commend them to the care and keeping of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well; who has promised to be a Comforter in times of trouble and despair.

Resolved, that our charter be draped for thirty days; that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our Circle; published in The Miner and Democrat, and a copy be sent to the wife, mother and sister of the deceased.

JENNIE EBERSPACHER,
ESTELLA B. GALLUP,
EMMA CUMMINGS.

OTHER THINGS.

"And all the world I knew,
And the glories that lie beyond it, and
whitherward all things drew;
And myself a little fragment amidst it all
I saw." Norse Saga.

Self-Inquiry.

Let no soft slumber close my eyes
Ere I have recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day
Where have my feet marked out their way?
What have I learnt where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun,
What duties have I left undone,
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

From the Greek of Pythagoras.

Jests and Jars.

If you want to do a thing it flatters you to think that it is all right.

Some people were born into the world with a prejudice against being agreeable.

There is often more narrowness in thinking a thing is right than there is in thinking it is wrong.

If God should flatter people as much as the devil does he would be as popular as the devil is.

The reason why it never occurs to a lot of people that the devil is "narrow minded" is because they pride themselves on being "broad minded."

There are very many persons who can return good for evil but there are very few who can return good when the evil is imaginary.

The devil puts most of his time and all of his fine work into the effort to find enough things in which "there is no harm," after that the work is easy.

In an address recently given by Dr. Andrew D. White, former president of Cornell University and ex-ambassador to Germany and Russia, he declared that the number of criminal homicides in the United States each year is practically 48 times greater than in Canada and 8 times greater than in Belgium, which has the greatest number of any European country; that in the United States the average time served by men sentenced for life is only seven years and that at present only about one man in every 74 is punished. The number of felonious homicides per year per million population for various countries is as follows: Canada 3, Germany 4 to 5, England 10 to 11, France 14 to 15, Belgium 16, United States 129. These figures are based on an average taken for a period of eight years. Dr. White expressed little sympathy for what he called the pseudo-scientific theory that crime is a disease and declared that crime is crime and disease is disease. He does not believe that life imprisonment would do in this country in place of capital punishment.

An announcement comes from Berlin that during the coming month of May an attempt will be made to cross the Atlantic in a dirigible balloon. The balloon will start from Teneriffe on May 15th. The enterprise will be undertaken by S. L. Schwartz, a New York promotor, and the Ganz Company of Manheim. The ballon will undertake to reach Vancouver, B. C., as its objective point. It is being constructed at Hamburg, will be semi-circular, will be of 5,000 cubic feet dimension, and will have two 50 horse power motors. It will carry six persons, all of them engineers. The voyage is expected to take four days. The balloon will have the benefit of the trade winds most of the way. Two steamships will accompany the balloon, but they will sail two days ahead of the airship.

Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York has said with as much positiveness as one can speak that he will not again be a candidate for the governorship. He is now closing his second term as Governor of the state and desires to return to his practice of law. It has without doubt been at a great personal financial sacrifice that he has served his state for these two terms. The retirement of Governor Hughes is greatly to be regretted for seldom if ever has the Empire State had a man at its head who was more devoted to the interests of the people and who was more loyally supported by the better elements or more hated by the baser elements. Governor Hughes is of Welsh descent, his people having been originally associated with the Welsh Methodists, but after coming to this country the family was connected with the Baptists and Governor Hughes' father was a regular pastor in the Baptist demonination.

It is not always with wisdom that we look down upon the morals of the eastern nations. The way in which China is taking hold of the opium vice is an example to the western nations that have the liquor traffic to deal with. A prominent American, resident in China, states in a recent letter that between one and two million opium-dens have been closed within the past three years, the avowed aim of the government is to sweep away nine-tenths of the opium evil by the close of 1910. This will probably not all be accomplished but the writer quotes the Prince Tsai Tao, brother of the regent as saying to him that "the government will not abate one jot or tittle of its efforts to destroy all opium. Not a young man now entering upon official life uses opium; all know that it closes every door of advancement. Our entire official body will soon be abstainers from this drug. We shall them purify the empire from this curse." So urgent are the orders from the throne that recently one of the oldest and best governors died from suddenly quitting the use of the drug. He refused to use the drug even after a collapse set in, saying that he would rather die in the struggle and in obedience to the throne than live as a slave to plum. The Chinese are in earnest in this reform.

Washington Letter.

(From our regular correspondent)

The greatest anxiety prevails among thinking men in the administration, including the leaders of Congress, regarding the forthcoming decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the American Tobacco Company. If the decision of the lower court is sustained it will mean the appointment of a receiver for the tobacco trust. The directors of the great corporation will be discharged from further responsibility and a receiver will assume charge of its affairs, not for the purpose of administering them in the interest of stockholders, but for the purpose of winding up the affairs of the company of disposing of its assets, presumably to the highest bidder and of casting adrift on the financial sea the integral parts of that great aggregation of concerns. This will inevitably result in fearful loss to those who own the securities of the organization. Moreover, the affirmation by the court of last resort of the principle involved will leave the administration no alternative but immediately to institute suit against practically every concern which has been constructed on similar lines. One does not need to be a pessimist to see a condition bordering on industrial chaos as result of the disintegration of the chief corporations of the country. But if they are found to exist in violation of the law they must come down and it is President Taft's belief that it is far better to see some chaotic conditions for a short time than to allow the illegal corporations to obtain a grasp upon the country which might never be shaken off.

There is no likehood that the administrations federal incorporation measure will receive favorable action by either House of Congress at this session. There has been some reluctance on the part of the leaders to admit this fact, but they have finally concluded that there is no good end to be served by concealing it. Two factors contribute to this situation. First it would be impossible to adopt legislation of such far reaching importance in the face of determined opposition of the minority. It would be talked to death in the senate even were it possible under whip and spur to obtain a majority for it in the house. In the second place there is grave question regarding the political expediency of such legislation. Democratic administrations regarded the Sherman law as a dead letter and finally it fell to a Republican administration; the law come under the direction of Philander Knox the then attorney general and he recusitated it and secured for it such judical interpretation as gave it force. Since the decision in the Northern Securities case Republican administrations have been seeking assiduously to enforce the statute. The wisdom of seeking now, at a time when the end sought seems about to be attained, to mitigate its effects is seriously questioned, especially in view of the present temper of the people. Were the only sufferers those managers of great combinations who have brought them into being there would be no hesitation whatever about permitting them to take the consequences of their own lawlessness but the anxiety that is felt is due to a vast number of innocent people whom it would be impossible to save from punishment intended for a few.

Americans generally little realize the important part which the National Red Cross may play in the diplomatic affairs of this nation. That the service rendered by that Bluefields contribution materially to allay the resentment aroused among the supporters of Zelaya by action of the United States has become obvious. That the generosity and timeliness of the assistance rendered by the Red Cross to the sufferers from the earthquake in the vicinity of Messina has served more strongly to cement the bonds of friendship between this country and Italy is a well recognized fact. But a recent and unexpected development of this power for good has attracted the attention of those members of the administration who have to do with the adjustment of tarriff relations under the Payne law and who learn that because of prompt and effective assistance rendered to those afflicted by the Paris floods, there is a growing sentiment in France that the government at Paris should stand ready to make all reasonable concessions to the end that there shall be no tariff war between that country and the United States. Such ends have, of course, been a little contemplated as the catastrophes which called forth the ministrations of the Red Cross but that does not make them less welcome.

It is planned that the investigation of the cost of living contemplated by the Senate will not include "hearing" from a great multiplicity of witnesses. The existing instrumentalities of the government will be utilized to procure the facts. The great army of employes from the Department of Agriculture will be used to procure and present in available from the facts regarding prices received by the initial producers and to this army may also be entrusted the collection of data regarding the prices at which such products are sold by commission men. The department of Commerce and Labor will be used to secure the cost of manufacture, selling prices at the mill and so on. In this way it is believed the information can be quickly procured and an analysis and report made before Congress adjourns. Senator Lodge, the author of the Senate resolution, is of the opinion that the investigation will show that the prices throughout the world have increased production of gold.

"The Girl From the U. S. A."

In a late review of theatrical productions by a prominent dramatic critic, the play "The Girl From the U. S. A." received a full measure of praise.

The story deals with an American girl who has been placed in an aristocratic convent in Paris, France, that her education might receive an ultra "Finish." There she has formed a deep and lasting friendship with Vivienne, a brenhe girl.

The play opens with a deep intrigue, both social and political, on the part of the Turkish Ambassador to France. The Girl follows her abducted friend into the innermost recesses of the sacredly guarded harem of a Turkish pasha, and in the guise of a new "Favorite" is terrorized to find that the very Turk whose scheme she is trying to frustrate, has fallen in love with her. Only by shrewd diplomacy can she save herself from the clutches of an unlicensed barbarian. And later in the ceremonious mazes of Chinese society, her native wit saves the day for herself and friends.

Although the plot leads one among scenes of oriental splendor, the tone of the play remains vividly and thoroughly American in sentiment. The climaxes are thrilling and unexpected, and the comedy of several novel characters is as welcome as it is diverting. There are some splendid musical numbers added to an already complete entertainment, and altogether the Girl form the U. S. A. is somebody you will want to be acquainted with when she appears at the Smethport Lyceum on Friday, Feb. 18.

For Sale.

5 Portland Cutters (new).
1 set new Dickey Bobs.
3 2nd hand cutters.
1 2nd hand 3-seat light Bobs.
1 Surrey Sleigh in good condition.
5 Single Harnesses.

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1910.

The Silver Flagon

A Wonderful Treasure It Held For Many Years.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Great-aunt Hannah squinted horribly, so when with almost her last breath she looked earnestly at her three grandnieces and gasped, "The silver flagon is for you—it has never been opened—you know the legend," not one of us really knew to whom the heirloom rightfully belonged.

In the library the two executors conferred amiably together. In the kitchen the servants discussed the legacies they had received.

In the long parlor Amelia, Fanny and I sat in front of the glowing grate fire. On the white marble mantelpiece above our heads stood a pair of precious Dresden vases, a Wedgwood clock and a Chinese fan. In the center, directly under the painting of Mrs. Dorothy Fabyan, was the silver flagon, flawless in shape and perfect in its chaste design of vine and leaf and clustered fruit. Its polished surface gave back a distorted reflection of our three faces, ruddy in the firelight.

No mention had yet been made of Aunt Hannah's belated disposition of the family heirloom. It was not mentioned in the will, and its ownership must be settled among the three of us.

It was Amelia who broke the long, awkward silence by reaching up a graceful arm and taking the silver flagon from its resting place.

"I am the oldest," she apologized, settling back in her chair, "and I am quite sure that Aunt Hannah meant me to have it. She looked at me." Amelia's tone was coolly defiant.

"She looked at me, too," said Fanny in gentle protest. "I am sure she looked at me, did she not, Esther?"

I shrugged my shoulders helplessly. "I thought she looked at me," I murmured feebly.

"No one could gaze in three different directions at one time," said Amelia impatiently.

"Aunt Hannah could," I announced loyally.

"For shame, Esther Fabyan!" they cried in duet, and then they turned their backs upon me and fell into whispered converse over the probable contents of the bone of contention—of course I mean the silver flagon.

The tall silver stopper fitted snugly to the neck, and around it was a thin stream of red sealing wax.

The silver flagon had once been the property of Mistress Dorothy Fabyan, our sweet ancestress, and tradition had it that within its polished interior the fair Dorothy had secreted the precious jewels which her rich husband had lavished upon her. When she was dying she had given the flagon to her young daughter, saying:

"Guard well the flagon, daughter, and when you have reached years of discretion you may break the seal and learn the contents—rubies and diamonds and pearls. Let no other woman steal it away from you! It contains what all women desire and but few attain. It will be yours."

"And it belonged to you, mother, dear?" the young girl had timidly asked as she stroked the delicate, withered cheek.

Dorothy Fabyan had smiled proudly ere she closed her beautiful eyes forever. "Aye, it was mine for a season," she said.

The young daughter had died in her teens, and the silver flagon, with its seal still unbroken, passed to a distant branch of the family, gay townspeople, who took small notice of Cousin Dorothy's bequest save to thrust it away on the top shelf of a cupboard and forget its existence.

And thus it had come down to us, the last of a long line. At times its history had been forgotten, and for years it would remain merely an ornament on sideboard or mantelpiece. Again some new owner would look longingly at the seal, yet hesitate to break in upon the secret it had concealed.

Aunt Hannah had owned it last, and she was so choice of it that never did vandal finger touch its surface or careless dust cloth even approach its throne on the white marble. No hand save Aunt Hannah's own came in contact with the silver flagon.

And now Amelia and Fanny turned it this way and that and gently tapped the stopper, guessing idly at the contents.

Amelia looked longingly at the red seal. "I believe it contains the old Fabyan jewels—it was never known what became of them after the war. I have heard that Dorothy Fabyan stripped the gems from their settings and concealed them somewhere. It is likely she hid them in this flagon. How strange that no one has cared enough about them to investigate its contents!"

"Suppose we leave the seal unbroken," I suggested.

"Why should we do that?" asked Fanny, with wide open eyes.

"It never has been opened," I said lamely. "So many of the Fabyan women have owned the flagon and respected the seal of its contents, why should we open it?"

"Because its ownership must be decided among us," replied Amelia firmly. "The Fabyan women passed the flagon down from mother to daughter, leaving the secret to be discovered by the one who cared to open it. I confess that the curiosity of all my ancestors seems concentrated within me at this very instant, and open the flagon I must!"

"Me, too," added Fanny.

"I suppose that is the best way," I agreed. "We are the last of the race, and none of us is married. Let us at least satisfy our curiosity."

"Besides that, we must divide the contents or decide upon the ownership of the flagon, since you will not recognize that I have an individual claim," Amelia drew a silver penknife from her pocket and opened a shining blade.

"Or that I have a claim," put in Fanny decidedly.

"Or mine," I added.

"We must compromise." Amelia's voice was growing colder, and involuntarily I drew nearer the grate and poked the fire into greater warmth. "Let us divide the contents into two parts and call the flagon itself a third part, each of us to agree to be entirely satisfied with her share. Do you agree?"

"I do," said Fanny promptly.

"Sight unseen?" I queried.

Amelia nodded emphatically.

"Very well, I agree."

"I am the eldest. I shall take first choice," began Amelia, with a slight flush on her lovely face. "I choose half of the contents of the flagon."

"I am next," cried Fanny eagerly. "I will take the other half of the contents. And you, Esther, what will you choose?" she asked magnanimously.

"I—I will take the silver flagon," I responded humbly, and they seemed very well satisfied.

We gathered about Amelia's chair as she chipped at the sealing wax with her penknife. She flung the crimson bits into the fire, and it made little white-hot sheets of flame that darted up the black-mouthed chimney like a short-lived thought that flares for a brief period and then dies away, leaving gray ashes.

When the wax was broken and the stopper had been with difficulty loosened from the slender neck of the vessel in turn we peered down the slender orifice and saw nothing. We shook the flagon and heard nothing. We turned it upside down, and nothing happened.

"It is empty," said Amelia, with a white face.

"Perhaps the jewels are stuck fast to the bottom," I suggested. "You know they have been interred for a century."

"Get your curling tongs, Fanny," commanded Amelia, darting a hostile glance in my direction.

I looked into the glowing coals, wondering at the tangle of possession that had seized upon us three cousins who had been loving friends from childhood. Here we were wrangling over the possession of a silver flagon to which we had scarcely ever given a thought in our busy lives. Thanks to Great-aunt Hannah, we were rich beyond our wildest dreams, and still we could not be satisfied without prying into Dorothy Fabyan's silver flagon!

Fanny returned with the long silver tongs that were used to wave her straight black hair. "They should reach to the very bottom of the jug," she cried excitedly.

Once more we bent above the silver flagon while Amelia thrust the tongs carefully down the slender neck and after a painful interval drew forth a folded slip of yellowed paper covered with fine pointed chirography.

Fanny and Amelia leaned back pale and breathless while I spelled out the spidery words that explained how Dorothy Fabyan, that clever housewife of so many decades ago, had discovered a most wonderful complexion wash—Cleopatra's Balm of Beauty she called it. To this marvelous face wash she ascribed her own exquisite beauty. The ingredients were almost impossible to obtain in those primitive days, and she had even sold her precious jewels to obtain the necessary elements of the balm. Now, she passed the secret of its making to her own daughter and afterward down to the coming generations of the women of her family, and, as if the mere possession of the recipe sealed within the silver flagon could impart a magic spell upon its owner, the Fabyan women had been famous for their wonderful beauty—all save poor Great-aunt Hannah and myself.

"What greater jewels doth any woman possess," concluded the old, old letter, "than diamond eyes, teeth of pearls, coral cheeks and ruby lips? These jewels you will find sealed within my silver flagon."

I ran my eye over the carefully compiled directions for "Cleopatra's Balm of Beauty," and ere I reached its close Amelia uttered a little angry cry and snatched the bit of paper from my grasp. In an instant it fluttered into the fire, and my exclamation of distress brought both girls to my side.

"You could not care for that silly recipe, Esther," wondered Fanny. "See, you have the beautiful silver flagon, while we have nothing. Yet we hoped for gems."

"Jewels you both have a-plenty," I said mournfully. "Look there!" I turned them about till they faced the tall pier glass set between the long windows, and there they stood regarding their beautiful faces in charming embarrassment while I bent above the silver flagon and stared defiantly at the reflection of my own plain features in its polished surface.

"Great-aunt Hannah never knew either," I marveled, thinking of her homely face and the contrasted beauty of her unselfish life.

"Poor old Esther," comforted the girls, poised on either arm of my chair, and as their kisses fell warmly on my uplifted face I seemed not to care that I had lost a heritage of beauty. My heritage of love was still my own.

THE BEST ADVICE

anyone can give you is, DON'T WORRY about anything—avoid it by INVESTING in one of the POLICIES of the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States.

—Get one of—

C. A. BURDICK,
General Insurance Agent

Bell 'Phone 18-B Smethport, Pa.

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—AND—
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

TO FIND FAULT.

People Are Sometimes Paid For That Express Purpose.

You have no idea how many things are wrong in a big business until you are paid to look for them, writes Gelett Burgess in Collier's. There were the clocks, for one thing, when I first began. The girls were too many late in their hair, there was grease on the elevator doors, expensive hats were dumped one on another, the ventilation was bad, the boxes on the shelves showed from the street through the show windows and about a thousand other things. Then Spindelheim sold carpets just like one eighteen cents ones for 14 cents, and for a concern like Smith & Co. to be undersold is fatal. There's really nothing that so enrages Mr. Smith; also Rubinstein's window dressing has beaten ours, too, at times. "Down it goes in my little report. Wouldn't any woman love my job.

Yes, it's fun to be paid for being a misanthrope, but it's hard work too. At 9 o'clock I begin my promenade through the store—downstairs, upstairs, basement, attic and annex. If a girl at the counter has dirty finger nails or too wide a pompadour to suit me I stop and talk pleasantly, buy 9 cents' worth of edging and so get her number from the sales slip. She never knows anything about it till her superintendent gives her a scolding the next day. I have eyes like a hawk and a nose like a hound and ears like a small boy under the sofa when a young man's calling on big sister. In ten minutes I have spotted the dust in the corner of the aisle, a girl who wears brass bracelets, a porter who is not attending to his duty, a badly arranged counter, an error in spelling on a placard, two store detectives loafing on their job and a hideous combination of colors in the front window. I go to the ladies' room and make a note of these things surreptitiously. I don't dare go there too often, though, for fear I'll be identified, so sometimes I run back to my office, two blocks away. So it goes till about 4 o'clock, hither and thither, nigh and yon, looking for trouble. It doesn't do a clerk any good to be uncivil to me. I can tell you, or to make me wait too long for my change, but I try to be fair, and if I find a particularly willing and considerate sales person down that name goes in my report too. You might suppose that there'd be good graft in that; but, of course, I keep my position only so long as the head of the firm has absolute confidence in my integrity. The funny part of it is that the more I complain the better he likes it. I'm like the opposition party in congress. I'm never satisfied. When I am I'll have to look for another position.

At 4 o'clock I go back to my little office and dictate my report from my notes to a stenographer, and when it's typewritten I send it to the head of the firm.

When "Pluck" Was Slang.

The word "pluck" affords an instance of the way in which slang words in the course of time become adopted into current English. We now meet with "pluck" and "plucky" as the recognized equivalents of "courage" and "courageous." An entry in Sir Walter Scott's "Journal" shows that in 1827 the word had not yet lost its low character. He says (volume 2, page 80), "Want of that article blackguardly called pluck." Its origin is obvious. From early times the heart has been popularly regarded as the seat of courage. Now, when a butcher lays open a carcass he divides the great vessels of the heart, cuts through the windpipe and then plucks out together the united heart and lungs—lights, he calls them—and he terms the united mass "the pluck."—London Notes and Queries.

The Magic Carpet

A Thanksgiving Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The committee on repairs walked down the aisle and wagged disapproval at each pew.

"It never struck me before how unsatisfactory it was to have every pew carpeted different," wheezed Miss Lee importantly. "They look just like folks' houses. Jeramiah Little's got a piece of his parlor carpet spread on it, and all it needs is a basket of wax flowers to make you think you're sitting in his front room at a funeral."

The other members of the committee cast surreptitious glances at their several pews, each with its gayly covered floor and fat, carpeted hassocks. Then they looked at Sarah Lee's own pew, with its neat red floor covering that exactly matched the carpet in the aisle.

"We ain't all agents for a carpet store," remarked Hannah Smith dryly.

Miss Lee reddened. "That's neither here nor there," she said hurriedly. "The facts are these: Daniel Merton has sent us $1,000 for the church repairs. Dr. Long says $500 will be needed for repairs to the building and belfry. The other $500 is to be used by the ladies of the committee to redecorate the inside and for a new carpet to cover all the pews."

She looked narrowly at Serena Webb in the background.

"My pew will remain as it is," said Serena calmly.

The committee drew a unanimous breath of dismay.

"That's the old Merton pew," protested Miss Lee.

"I know it," replied Serena.

"I should think that when a man cures enough for the old church he was baptized in to send $1,000 for repairs it would be a delicate attention on the part of the committee to refurnish his old family pew," said Mr. Long's wife bitterly.

"Perhaps Mr. Merton would prefer to see the old church restored rather than redecorated. He must have tender recollections of the old pew with his mother's carpet on the floor and the same old hassocks he knelt on when a boy. I am sure he would rather see the chapel restored to its old time beauty rather than done over in the latest fashion," said Serena Webb eagerly.

"Rubbish!" sneered Sarah Lee. "A half as smart as Dan Merton—a man who left Redbush a poor young man and is today a millionaire—must be up to date. He ain't no slack number," she added, with a triumphant relapse into slang. He'd admire to see his money's been put to some good purpose."

The other ladies nodded approval of this statement, all save Serena Webb, who was gazing wistfully at the dim and faded frescoes in the chancel.

"So, you see, Miss Webb, Dan Merton would be pleased enough to have his old family pew done over new. We're planning to have it all done by Thanksgiving and then invite him down and have a regular thanksgiving over the hull thing," said Miss Lee persuasively.

"My pew will remain as it is," said Serena firmly as she turned toward the door. "I have paid for it."

"Very well," returned the other bitingly. "I shall take care to let Dan Merton know that a stranger has come to Redbush who ain't grateful enough for his generosity to try to please him. I shall let him know."

Serena Webb merely bowed politely and passed through the door.

Once within the gate of her quiet, old fashioned garden her straight, slim figure relaxed into a rustic seat. She clasped her white hands behind her wavy brown head and surveyed the low, ivy covered house with contemplative eyes.

"The Merton homestead and the Merton pew are the possessions of an eccentric spinster," she mused whimsically. "First, Daniel Merton, president of the cordage trust, writes and commands that I sell him his old home for an absurdly high price, which I refused because the house just suits me, and I am tired of wandering. Again, he sends a gift to his church, and they demand that I tear out the charming, old fashioned furniture of the Merton pew—and transform it for him! I am selfish enough to like it as it is—and to believe he will like it best too! But I am afraid of that Daniel Merton, a man who has risen to such eminence, as he must possess a strength of purpose that will at last prevail upon me to part with this charming place!"

With a little sighing laugh she went into the house—the quiet house which she occupied with her servants and her pets. Her kinsfolk were awaiting her in another distant country. Serena was young yet. She was thirty-five, and she was lonely.

* * * * * * *

For weeks after that September day the Redbush church was closed for repairs. Heavy canvas covered the old Merton pew and protected it from showers of lime and plaster and later from the dripping brushes of painters and decorators.

Little by little the old church took on a new appearance. Shaky timbers were strengthened, the great belfry was repaired and the bell rehung. Gray paint restored the building to Quaker-like respectability. The furnace was mended, and the organ was repaired.

Indoors the warm glow of the old red carpet was replaced by sober brown pile, and the newly varnished pews were carpeted with the same material. Wooden feet rests took the place of the discarded hassocks, and polished seats were supplied instead of the comfortable cushions.

The faint pinks and reds of the old decoration gave way to sea green walls and chancel. It was all very new and very hideous and extremely uncomfortable.

The minister was joyful and the congregation was gratified at the splendor of the shining old church. The committee on repairs proudly sent in their report on the Sunday before Thanksgiving day. At the same time the minister read a letter from Daniel Merton saying that he would gladly accept their invitation to attend the special services on Thanksgiving day.

Cold and crisp the day dawned, and the usual festivities of the day were pushed forward that none might miss the services at the church.

There was a rustle of expectation as the people gathered in the redecorated edifice. Up in the front pew, on the right of the aisle, in the old Merton pew, with its still gorgeous turkey carpet and hassocks, sat Serena Webb, conscious that her seat was a blot on the fair scene.

In the front left hand pew sat Dr. Long and his wife, nervously awaiting the arrival of Daniel Merton, for it was understood that the great man was to be ushered into the good doctor's sober brown pew.

The last bell was ringing, the choir was rustling the pages of their books and the organ was growling a low voluntary when there was the insistent blast of a horn and then the soft chug-chug of a motorcar. It stopped at the church, the door opened, and then Redbush drew a long breath as Daniel Merton walked up the aisle and was ushered into Dr. Long's seat.

For several moments he knelt in prayer, and then he arose and looked about him as the service began.

He saw a strange church and strange people. He had borne in his mind's eye for years past a quaint old church with warm red carpet and many pews, each furnished according to its owner's fancy. There was nothing here to remind him of the past and his boyhood save the seat across the aisle.

There in the old Merton pew, with its ancient turkey carpeted floor and fat hassocks, sat a slender woman with sweet, serious face bent above her book. That was what Daniel Merton saw in the old pew where he had knelt when a boy.

The people of Redbush saw a tall, thin man with a handsome face lined with care, a man plainly dressed as one of themselves, and those who had known him when a boy traced in his countenance a vague likeness to the ambitious lad of twenty-five years before.

Then they saw him look about the church with impassive face, which did not change until it reached the old Merton pew. They saw his keen eyes rest on Serena Webb's face and on the old time furnishings before they turned to cast a sweeping glance up and down the aisle at the brown carpet.

Then they saw him leave his seat and deliberately cross the aisle and sit down beside Serena Webb. Serena blushed and shared her hymn book with him.

The service was long, for the good people of Redbush were very grateful to their beneficent townsman, and the minister must express their gratitude in sonorous sentences that a millionaire might appreciate.

A year afterward Sarah Lee surveyed the church in high disdain. Workmen had completed its restoration to its original decorative scheme, and the florist's men were banking palms about the chancel.

"To think Serena Webb should marry Dan Merton after all—never saw him in her life till—that Thanksgiving day," murmured Mrs. Long in Sarah's ear.

"That there old turkey carpet did it," sniffed Sarah Lee. "Just to think of him insisting that everybody must carpet their own pew to suit themselves! Even old Huldy Jones has made her a braided mat for hers. Redbush is behind the times."

In the meantime Daniel Merton was whispering to Serena in the garden of his old home: "It was the combination of you and the old pew set in the midst of that hideously decorated church—it was you, sweetheart, that broke through this crust of money getting and made me again in heart like the boy I used to be."

"I am so glad," murmured Serena happily. "Let us always keep the old turkey carpet, Dan. It carried you back to your boyhood, it brought you across the aisle to me, and it has carried us both to happiness. It is a magic carpet, indeed."

Knowledge and Culture.

A great memory does not make a philosopher any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations toward each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place. I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them. Still, there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well read men or men of information they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind or fulfills the type of liberal education.—Newman.

The Dietitian.

Spite of his mamma's appeals,
Little Ben bolts all his meals,
Then, to show it doesn't hurt,
Eats some nuts for his dessert.
Nuts and bolts, when in solution,
Build an iron constitution.

—Life.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.



THE MAN WHO FEEDS WELL

never has occasion to grumble about his "hard luck" when it comes to results in work, milk or pork. Quantity isn't everything—quality counts as well, and quality of grain and feed is a matter of pride with us. A cent extra on the bushel or bale will bring you a manifold return. For dairymen, hog raisers, farmers, liverymen, or anyone who owns a horse or cow, pigs or poultry we are headquarters for grain and feed

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

Advantage of Education.

"Are you satisfied with the results of the course which your daughter followed at college?"

"Perfectly satisfied. She is going to marry one of the professors."

Excesses in youth are drafts upon old age, payable about thirty years after date.—Chicago News.

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THE "MINER"

Brasted's
Fine
TOBACCO
FRUIT
NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

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Of the pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well, and gives them freedom from pain. It establishes regularity, subdues inflammation, heals ulceration and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, *free*. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you want a book that tells all about women's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing only, and he will send you a *free* copy of his great, thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. In handsome cloth-binding, 31 stamps.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything to be found in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on ur new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

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and

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n a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

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THE BIG STORE.



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or cabinet-makers want to replenish their tool-chest at a very nominal cost, they come to us because they know that we carry complete stocks of all these goods and are way ahead of other stores in this line. Nothing missing—everything in the way of carpenters' tools and appliances is here, at reasonable prices. Patronize us.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 10, 1910.

Local and General.

—Tuesday of next week will be election day.

—The health officer and the entire board of health of Mt. Jewett have tendered their resignations.

—In Warren the shortage of natural gas is forcing many of the factories back to the use of coal for fuel.

—Gust Edgar Peterson, aged 19 years, died at his home in Mt. Jewett on Friday, Jan. 28, with tuberculosis.

—A. B. Armstrong advertises fine hand decorated and photogravure place and score cards and valentines this week.

—Mrs. Scott F. Redfield entertained a party of ladies at bridge whist at her home on West Main street Tuesday evening.

—Tom, the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Morrison is quite ill at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davis, in Bradford.

—The Dime Tea party given by the Rebekahs in the I. O. O. F. hall Monday evening was largely attended and a goodly sum was realized for the purchase of regalia for the order. All who attended report an excellent time.

—Dandy, a Newfoundland dog, belonging to Nathaniel Wheeler of Clinton, N. J., returned to his master a wallet containing $107 and valuable papers that had been stolen from Wheeler's bedroom 10 days ago. It was believed the wallet had been stolen by a sneakthief. Mr. Wheeler says he now thinks that Dandy stole it for spite, having received a thrashing about the time the wallet disappeared. Monday while playing Mr. Wheeler remarked: "If you had been around, Dandy, the thief wouldn't have got my wallet, would he?" Almost instantly the dog ran out of the house and in about an hour returned and placed the wallet at his master's feet.

—Unless Mike Kroback of Irwin, Pa., can raise $22 before his next pay day, two weeks hence, he will have to defer his wedding day until that time, because John Marbee, his prospective brother-in-law, is holding his marriage license and the key to his four-room house as security for the money said to have been advanced.

—The Bradford printers and plumbers pulled off a bowling match in that city last Monday evening. The teams were composed of seven men each and the plumbers won both games, the score being as follows: Plumbers, 686 and 780; printers, 666 and 691. It can hardly be said that the Bradford printers are high rollers.

—A statement of the First National Bank of Eldred, published this week, shows a total resource of $133,253.13 and an increase of undivided profits of over 100 per cent. over last report. An increase in the profits of any business is indicative of successful advancement and Messrs. Redfield, Drake and Underwood are pulling steadily in the right direction.—Eldred Eagle.

—Young man if you would marry go to Chicago. There a number of young women employed in offices believe that a girl should have a home prepared for her husband as an inducement, and have organized a cooperative club whose purpose is to enable the members to begin preparations for a home to offer their husbands when they marry. The club is known as the "Weary Waiters."

—John L. Sullivan, former champion pugilist of the world, has again entered into the bonds of matrimony. The lady of his choice is Miss Katherine Harkins of Boston and the tie that binds was made on Monday last. In the marriage application blank Sullivan gave his age as 51 years and his occupation as lecturer. He has been married once before and divorced. The bride is 45 years of age and has never before married.

SIRES AND SONS.

J. Pierpont Morgan has not only one Jarton, but a bookcase full of them.

Nieman Corey of the Pittsfield (Me.) police force hasn't been a night off duty for the last sixteen years.

Thomas Jefferson mastered Latin and Greek and never forgot them. In his old age he enjoyed the charms of ancient literature.

When President Taft was on the bench he and Judge Lurton, the new United States supreme court justice, were colleagues in the Sixth circuit and were also intimate personal friends.

After thirty-five years' service in one position at the University of Kansas Professor Ephraim Miller, head of the department of mathematics and astronomy, will retire and accept a Carnegie pension.

Vice Admiral Ijuin, who is to succeed Admiral Togo in chief command of the Japanese fleet, distinguished himself in the Russo-Japanese war and is well known in naval circles in America and England.

Robert Wynne, the former United States consul general in London, intends to resume newspaper work in the British capital. Before Mr. Wynne became postmaster general of the United States he had a long and brilliant journalistic career, being also president of the Gridiron club in Washington.

John Wesley Hyatt of Newark, N. J., the inventor of celluloid, is still hale and hearty at seventy-two and continues his career in utilitarian research with lively interest. His first patent was secured when he was twenty-four, and since that time he has been a constant and successful applicant at the government offices.

The Royal Box.

Prince Albert, of Belgium, who succeeds King Leopold, visited the United States in 1906 and was much interested in railway and commercial developments. He speaks English fluently.

The mechanism attached to the doors of the czar's private apartments is constantly altered, so that only two or three persons at any given time know how the doors can be opened from the outside when the emperor is within.

Queen Maud of Norway, who is the daughter of King Edward of England, studied palmistry in her youth and foretold to the czar and czarina the troubles through which they had to pass. She also saw herself crowned in a crystal and considered it so foolish that she gave up crystal gazing for two years, and finally it came to pass.

The Writers.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the venerable Cambridge author, is eighty-six. He was graduated from Harvard sixty-eight years ago and began writing in 1853 his "Outdoor Papers."

Sven Hedin is generally regarded as the most noted of living explorers and geographers. He is a Swede, forty-four years old, unmarried, and his home is in Stockholm, but since 1885 his time has been spent largely in the wildest regions of Asia.

Dr. Goldwin Smith is eighty-six years old. For a long time he has been one of the most widely known men of Canada, and his home in Toronto has been an intellectual center. In England he is ranked among the great men of the nation. He was the tutor of the present king of England.

The Cookbook.

A ham is greatly improved if, after being boiled, it is wrapped in buttered paper and baked for an hour.

Never soak fish or mackerel before cooking. Well wash the former, but not the latter, and place both in boiling water to cook.

To cook a pumpkin easily halve it, remove the seeds and bake in oven. When tender scoop pumpkin out with a spoon and rub through a colander. Scorching is prevented and time saved by this method.

If turnips are parboiled twenty minutes in water to which a little baking soda has been added and then this water is thrown off and fresh water used to finish cooking they will cook more tender and be of much better flavor.

Things Theatrical.

Gertrude Hoffman is to appear in a new vaudeville act, "Something New."

Mary Mannering may appear as Rosalind in "As You Like It" in London.

Paul Armstrong has a new detective play, produced in Chicago, called "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

Edward M. Favor and Edith Sinclair are in the company supporting Lulu Glaser in "One of Our Boys."

Miss Katherine Kavanagh of Baltimore has sold several of her sketches to the Dramatic Publishing company of New York. She will present her breezy little comedy, "Stagestruck," in Baltimore shortly.

German Gleanings.

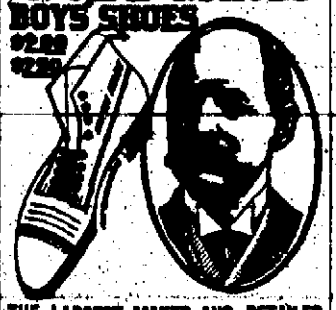
The German army has a portable airship shed.

Over 1,500 towns and villages in Germany still own and have owned, down from the middle ages, so much common land that their inhabitants pay neither rates nor taxes.

For the purpose of promoting the sale of German goods abroad instruction courses for cultivating the artistic taste of storekeepers and their salespeople have been instituted in Berlin and five other cities.

Advertise in The Miner.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 & $4. SHOES BOYS' SHOES $2.00 $2.50



THE LARGEST MAKER AND RETAILER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD.

"SUPERIOR TO OTHER MAKES."

"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find they are far superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. G. JONES, 118 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make. CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute. If your dealer cannot fit you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

Valentines

NEW AND FETCHING

NEW CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

Beautiful hand decorated and photo-gravure place and score cards. Come and see them.

A. B. ARMSTRONG,
Drug Store

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

Fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

"Sunkist"

Oranges, Lemons.

"SUNKIST"

means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,

Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS
The famous little pills.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Tomorrow's Breakfast—

Have it Shot from Guns

Surprise your folks tomorrow morning with a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Then let them pass judgment.

Go back to the old foods if your folks think them better. But we know that you won't go back.

These are curious foods, but not made to be curious. The object was to make them digestible.

They are exploded by steam for the simple purpose of blasting the starch granules to pieces.

But the result is crisp, gigantic grains, made four times as porous as bread.

The result is unbroken, nut-like grains, ready to melt in the mouth. Foods that the children like.

They are liked so well that seventeen million dishes were consumed last month. Now it is your turn to try them.

Puffed Wheat—10c

Puffed Rice—15c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

[8]

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The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertions.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. HACKER,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 10, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner:—Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.

Sinnemahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,
Charles E. Patton.

Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

Colonel Wesley R. Andrews died at Washington last Saturday after a long illness which finally developed into pneumonia. He was born in Sugar Grove, Pa., 72 years ago and his life has mostly been spent in Pennsylvania politics, and for several years past he has been chairman of the Republican State committee. For 10 years previous to that he was secretary of that body. He was a soldier in the Union army during the war of the Rebellion and later was editor of the Meadville Tribune-Republican.

In an interview with a Pittsburgh newspaper correspondent some weeks ago, Mr. Andrews said: "My first Presidential vote was cast for Lincoln in 1860. Then I was living at Jamestown, N. Y., and took an active part in the campaign, helping to organize meetings, raising subscriptions for campaign expenses and in other ways helping the cause. It was not my first Presidential campaign, for I had worked for Fremont in 1856, though I was then too young to vote. Thus my political experience began with the birth of the Republican party, and I have been identified with it ever since. Though not of voting age I studied the issues in the Fremont campaign, assisted in organizing meetings and did what I could to further the interests of the new party. Two years later I cast my first vote in support of a candidate for congress."

The following political gossip is taken from Monday's Bradford Era: For county offices to be filled next November several names are mentioned. For sheriff, John A. Peterson, Republican, and M. C. Bain, Democrat, both of Bradford are spoken of as possible candidates. Mr. Peterson is one of the present able county commissioners and Mr. Bain is an efficient member of the Bradford police force. Both men are well known and have many friends throughout the county and in this city.

Messrs. McKean and Hilton will doubtless be candidates for re-election to the legislature, although nothing positive on that score has as yet been given out. There are other men who will also figure in the contest for the Assembly. It is very probable that Editor Hubgood will seek the office again and there will probably be other aspirants.

For Congress, in this district, the present incumbent, Hon. Charles F. Barclay, of Sinnemahoning, and Charles Patton, of Curwinsville, are already announced and persistent rumors are in circulation to the effect that Hon. Lewis Emery, of Bradford, will be induced to get into the arena later on and by means of a whirlwind campaign enliven things considerably, as a candidate for Congress. However, he has not authorized anybody to announce that he will be a candidate or not. He will decide later.

Norwich Items.

On Friday evening of last week a social party was held in the I. O. R. M. hall at Crosby. This was arranged by Mesdames Rose Grierson and Kate Manwarring. Games, dancing and an excellent supper were the attractions which were enjoyed by over sixty of our townspeople. Married people were the only ones invited. This resulted in a club being formed to consist of married people only, residing in this locality. The name chosen for this society is "The Old Folks' Social and Dancing Club." They will meet four times a year at the call of the officers who are: President, Mrs. Rose Grierson; secretary, Mrs. Kate Manwarring; treasurer, Earl Manwarring.

"The Munroe Entertainers," a troupe consisting of four ladies, will be the second on the program of the Norwich Entertainment Course. To be given in Crosby hall Tuesday evening, the 15th inst.

A number of cases of measles and mumps are reported among the people at Norwich.

Extra Meetings.

Rev. C. H. Dow, president of the Wesleyan Methodist church, will preach each evening next week in the Baptist church, except Saturday. The meeting will close with a quarterly meeting. All are cordially invited to attend. If desired meetings will be held afternoons also, except Monday.

J. E. Tiffany.

Notice.

Messrs. Morrison and Hogarth having represented the Agency of the City Steam Laundry of Bradford, Pa., for the past year, have sold out to Mr. E. O. Gaskin, prop. City Shaving Parlor. Customers who have been sending their laundry work to the City Steam Laundry of Bradford will receive the same courteous attention by Mr. Gaskin who will continue to call for your Bundle as usual. In order to give you the best work and delivery service, it is necessary to send your work with as much regularity as possible. That is to have one certain day to send it, and have your package ready when we call.

Yours respectably,
CITY STEAM LAUNDRY,
Bradford, Pa.

E. O. GASKIN,
Local Agent.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are urinary disorders, weak back and backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains and twinges, pains in the groins, etc. There is nothing as good for kidney and bladder trouble as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. You may depend upon them to give entire satisfaction. They are antiseptic, act promptly and soothe pain. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

Mrs Carrie Crane.

Advertise in The Miner.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court, to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February, A. D. 1910.

First and final account of Mary E. Terry, administratrix of the estate of H. G. Terry, deceased.

First and final account of Lucia M. Lamphere, administratrix of the estate of Walter L. Lamphere, deceased, who was administrator of the estate of Royal C. Delaney, deceased.

First and final account of Carl H. Taw, administrator of the estate of John H. Taw, deceased.

First and final account of William F. Burr, executor of the last will and testament of Hannah Ellen Burns, deceased.

First and final account of Chauncey D. Green, executor of the last will and testament of Mary A. Green, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of James Geneso, guardian of Maurice A. McCray, late minor child of T. E. McCray, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Carrie E. Brown, guardian of Harry Brown, late minor child of S. S. Brown, deceased.

Second and final account of C. E. Judd, guardian of Mary A. O'Brien-Lewis, late a minor child of Matthew O'Brien, deceased.

First and final account of J. B. Wright, administrator of the estate of C. C. Wright, deceased.

First and final account of Paul P. Lyon, administrator of the estate of Arthur F. Allen, deceased.

First and final account of Charles E. Bowne, administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Angeline Smith, deceased.

First and final account of R. M. Week, guardian of William A. Tucker, late a minor child of Julius E. Tucker, deceased.

First and final accounts of W. J. Hogan, guardian of Walter J. Flynn and Leo J. Flynn, late minor children of Sarah M. Flynn, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Albert L. Stover, administrator of the estate of Thomas Buchanan, deceased.

Second, final and distribution account of Herman H. Worth, executor of the last Will and Testament of John K. Merriam, deceased.

JOHN D. EASMAN,
Register.

Smethport, Pa., January 29, 1910.

THE LYCEUM

JOHN CLARK, Manager

Friday, February 18,

HARRY SCOTT CO,

presents to Reigning Sensational Musical Dramatic Novelty

The Girl From U. S. A.

A Fantastic Electrical Mechanical Spectacular Scenic and Dramatic Portrayal! A Profusion of Pretty Girls Brilliant Musical Ensembles Original Songs and Dances!

The Most Entertaining Play of this Rapid Age!

Audacious! Lithesome! Sprightly! Spirited!

A Strong, Patriotic Story, Rich in Heart Interest, Bright in Dialogue, Terrific in Climaxes, Original in Sensation, Furnished by 30 Footlight Favorites, assisted by a Graceful and Shapely Singing and Dancing.

American Beauty Chorus.

Seat on Sale at Wells' Drug Store

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Feb. 5, 1910.

Anderson, Albion.
Angelo, Verduce.
Bartlett, M. L.
Gleason, Mrs. Martha A.
Hosey, W. D.
Nichols, Louise.
Sherwood, C. J.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from the date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertiliser. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST want a man or woman in SMETHPORT and vicinity to look after subscription renewals and to forward new business. A guaranteed weekly salary, the amount depending on the work done, and a commission on each order. Experience unnecessary. Any one can build up a permanent paying business without capital. Complete outfit and instructions free.

Agents' Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
433 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Notice of Appeals for McKean County, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners, sitting as a board of revision will be at the places named below, at the time specified for the purpose of listening to appeals from the assessment as revised and equalized.

The Assessors are expected to be in attendance at the time of appeal for their respective districts.

Appeals on the Military Enrollment will be held on the same days and at the same places.

For Kane Borough 1st Ward, February 21st; Kane Borough 2nd Ward, February 22nd; Kane Borough 3rd Ward, February 23rd; Kane Borough 4th Ward, February 24th.

Hamilton Township, February 25th, at Kane; Wetmore Township, February 26th, at Kane; Humin Township, February 28th, at Mt. Jewett.

Mt. Jewett Borough, March 1st, at Mt. Jewett.

Lafayette Township, March 2nd, at Mt. Alton.

Bradford City 1st and 2nd Wards, March 3rd; 3rd and 4th Wards, March 4th; 5th and 6th Wards, March 5th, at City Building.

Bradford Township, March 7th; Foster Township, March 8th; Corydon Township, March 9th, at City Building, Bradford.

Eldred Borough, March 10th; Eldred Township, March 11th, a. m.; Ceres Township, March 11th, p. m., at Eldred.

Otto Township, March 12th, at Duke Center. Port Allegany Borough, March 14th; Liberty Township, March 15th, a. m.; Annin Township, March 15th, p. m., at Port Allegany.

Smethport Borough, March 16th; Keating Township, March 17th; Sergeant and Norwich Townships, March 18th, at the Court House, Smethport.

Given under our hands and seal of office at Smethport, Pa., this 19th day of January, 1910.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners.

Attest:
A. B. WALKER,
Clerk.

If You Want A Fine Farm House, Here It Is.

110 Acre Farm With
Fine House
Close to Eldred,
For Sale Right.

We offer for sale a productive farm of 110 acres, located one mile from Eldred, Pa., on R. F. D. Smooth valley and hill land, 75 acres under cultivation, balance in pasture and small oak and chestnut timber. Well watered; fair fences. New 14-room house plumbed for gas and city water, toilet and bath, good cellar. One barn 30x46, new roof, one barn 30x40. Barns in good repair. This farm is 1 1-4 miles from cheese factory, 1-2 mile from high school and one mile from railroad station. Price $3,500. Terms $1,500 cash, balance $200 a year and interest. This is a fine farm on the main road to Port Allegany, lays nice, and buildings alone are worth what it is priced at. If you want a good farm, finely located don't let this one get away. Call on J. S. Cotton or write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration in the estate of H. F. Wright, late of Smethport Borough, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Sheridan Gorton. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 6, 1910.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

SOME LAUNDRIES
Do good work some of the time.
MANY LAUNDRIES
Do good work most of the time.
This Laundry
Does good work ALL OF THE TIME.
We Solicit Your Work.
City Steam Laundry
Bradford, Penna.
Morrison & Hogarth, local agents, Armstrong's Drug Store.

To My Customers

I have now in stock at a very low price, a quantity of globes that fit the Cunningham Light.

Don't forget the Place.

E. W. Strong

Disposed of all our old stock to a commission merchant last week. Anything you buy here now is new. No more old stock here.

UP-TO-DATE SUITS AND OVERCOATS
AT GREAT REDUCTIONS
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

Bric a Brac,
Books for Children,
Copyrights,
Popular Fiction at 50c a Copy.
Call and see what we Have to offer.
McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

A BIG SAVING!
THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER
AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE McKEAN MINER, for the very low price given below.

You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to The Boys' Magazine.

EACH ISSUE CONTAINS
36 large pages (11x15 inches)
Two fine serials
From six to eight clever short stories
Numerous special articles
Beautiful illustrations throughout
Handsome cover in colors (cover changed each month)
A Big Athletic Department, edited by WALTER CAMP
Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship.
Departments of Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Stamps, Coins and Curios that are interesting and instructive.
Each department is attractively illustrated



A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION
From THE BOYS MAGAZINE

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR,
AND YOUR OWN PAPER,
THE McKEAN MINER ONE YEAR,
BOTH FOR $1.60

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW
ADDRESS
The McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

McCall's Patterns

The Lindholm Co.

REMNANT SALE

Begins Thursday Morning, Feb. 10

We have sorted out short lengths and odds and ends that cannot be sold in the ordinary way.

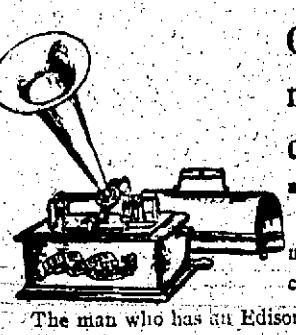
It comprises DRESS GOODS, SILKS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, VEILINGS, RIBBONS, WHITE GOODS, TOWELING, PERCALE, Etc..

On Thursday morning we will be ready for you. We will have all these remnants marked at a great saving to you, with prices that should move them lively.

Be among the early shoppers and reap the benefit of first choice.

The Lindholm Company

SMETHPORT, PENNA.



Once there was an old maid who said that she did not need to marry.

She had a parrot that swore, a monkey that chewed tobacco, and a cat that went out nights.

The man who has an Edison Phonograph might say he never needs to go anywhere for amusement, as he has an instrument that will play dance music, sing the popular songs, tell funny stories, render the old ballads, give selections from grand opera and play rag-time, all with equal facility.

At the dealer's is the place to hear it first—afterwards in your own home. The Edison Phonograph records always in stock.

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE, THINK OF

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 10, 1910.

Local and General.

—Lent began yesterday.

—Read about the remnant sale of The Lindholm Co. in this issue.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Anderson, on Tuesday, Feb. 8, 1910, a girl.

—Laces and embroideries are advertised by Fry & Comes in this space this week.

—The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Romeroy died last Friday, aged one week.

J. W. Lee who has been confined to the house for the most of the past two weeks is able to be out again.

—Mrs. John B. Eastman entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on King street last Saturday evening.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Zaner of St. Marys, on Tuesday, Feb. 8, 1910, a girl. Grandpa Frank Foster is extremely proud.

—Mrs. Scott F. Redfield entertained a large party of ladies at Bridge Whist at her home on West Main street on Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. Edward Studholme gave a euchre party to a large number of lady friends at her home on West Main street Tuesday afternoon.

—Brother McFall of the Eldred Eagle is in a red hot campaign for assessor of that thriving borough and our worst wishes are that he is elected by a large majority.

—It is understood that the Smethport High School will hold a contest with Eldred this spring. A number of the high school students are preparing for the preliminary contests which will come in the course of a few weeks.

—We presume there will be less meat eaten during this Lenton season that began yesterday than in any such period in a good many years. Those who have a swear-off coming are taking it out on meat this year, and there are a great many of them.

—According to the Austin Autograph of last week the Bayless pulp mill dam on Freeman Run above Austin will be rebuilt. The new dam will, however, be constructed in such a manner that it will be absolutely safe at all times, and under all conditions.

—The regular Saturday afternoon tea for the benefit of the Club House Fund will be furnished on the 12th from 3 to 5, in charge of the following members of the Travellers' Club: Mrs. James McKean, Mrs. T. H. Purtle, Mrs. F. C. Pierce, Mrs. Leon Hogarth. A program will be given.

—On Sunday the regular services will be held in the Methodist Episcopal church. The preaching services are at half past ten and at half past seven. The Sunday school meets at quarter before twelve. The Epworth League Bible Study is at six forty-five, the leader for the coming month will be Miss Carrie A. Day.

—A gas well located on the Jay Stickles farm was drilled into the first sand on Monday and made a showing of about 500,000 feet of gas per day. The well was finished yesterday and the third sand had a fair showing for gas. This well is the property of the Smethport Glass Co. and will be used in Smethport for manufacturing purposes.

—David J. Minot charged with embezzlement by the Whelan Candy Co., of Bradford, was liberated from the county prison on suspended sentence on Monday. He pleaded guilty to the formal charge, but said he had not intended to defraud the company and promised to make up the amount of the shortage in his accounts. He is to report to Chief of Police Murray in the fulfillment of his agreement.

—Last Saturday evening about forty people gave a surprise to E. R. Amster in honor of his birthday which occurred last Sunday. Mr. Amster was not aware that anything was to take place and returned early in the evening to find the house filled. He was presented during the evening with a handsome rocker. Mrs. Amster served a delightful luncheon and the occasion was greatly enjoyed by all present.

—The Coudersport Enterprise appeared in a very abbreviated form last week, but its editors show the proper pluck in issuing after the disastrous fire that visited that plant late in January. The Enterprise was issued from the Recorder office in Roulette and perhaps will continue to be issued from that office until its new outfit arrives. We feel safe in predicting that the Enterprise will have a new plant in a short time and will be bigger and better than ever.

—A meeting was held at Stulltown last Saturday evening, in the interests of a telephone company being organized to connect Stulltown, Fowler Brook and South Eldred with Eldred central. The wires will be put on the Emery pipe line poles, if possible, and, for a yearly rental of $3, each subscriber is given the benefit of the local Bell exchange. The Haymaker telephone line expects soon to be in operation and if the Stulltown line is a success, the two will add a great deal to the value of the local service.—Eldred Eagle.

—It is Love that makes the world go 'round. In the brand new spectacular musical drama, "The Girl From the U. S. A.," which comes to the Smethport Lyceum, on Friday, Feb. 18, you will see how the Lighthearted Frenchman, the crafty Turk and the ceremonial Chinese Mandarin each makes love to the choice of his heart. Also the cheerful American, who does all things with a vigor and rush unknown to other people, pursues coy Cupid strenuously to a happy finish.

—Word has reached here of the death of Floyd W. Cole at the hospital for the insane at Willard, N. Y. He was thirty-one years old at the time of his death and for the past two years has been an inmate of the hospital. For a number of years Mr. Cole was employed in Coudersport and has many friends here who regret to hear of his death.—Potter Democrat. The deceased was a nephew of T. J. Gilbert, one of the former editors of The Miner and visited Smethport several times.

—Simon Burns, former president of the Window Glass Workers of America, and perhaps one of the best known labor leaders in the world, died Sunday at the South Side hospital, Pittsburgh, aged 55 years. Some mystery surrounds the death of Mr. Burns. He had been unconscious for more than 100 hours. He was a well known advocate of patent medicines in almost every form and his close friends allege that over-use of these medicines in the last few months hastened his death.

—Braves of Mackanee Tribe, No. 403, I. O. R. M. of this place to the number of twenty and two hit the trail up the Nunundah waters for Crosby Tuesday evening, where the local tribe of that place had the camp fires ablaze and the pipes of peace lighted for their brethren of the tepee of justice and reservation of political plums. The big braves had much meat and heap sqa food prepared for a big feast, and after the great council, the visiting braves became heap full of good things to eat.

—Comet A 1910 has a tail 50,000,000 miles long. This is the declaration of astronomers and scientists on Mount Wilson, California, who declare the tail of the comet peculiarly constituted and thirty degrees in length. Thirty degrees is commonly interpreted as fifty million miles in astronomy. Fifty millions of miles would reach from the evening star, Venus, to the earth and two-thirds of the way back at the present date. Just now Venus is little more than 30,000,000 miles away. When it gets upon the other swing of its orbit it will be 120,000,000 miles away. The vagrant of the skies as far as is at present known from photographs taken, has three tails. Two of them form a brilliant appendage of great length, long and slim. To ordinary instruments and to the naked eye these two tails look as one. The scientific instruments show another tail three times as broad as the other tow combined and not more than two degrees in length. It will remain in the heavens for two weeks longer.

Personal Mention.

John B. Oviatt of Norwich was a visitor in town yesterday.

Thomas Camp is a business visitor in Pittsburg this week.

Burdette Gallup of Norwich was a caller at this office on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus were Bradford visitors last Saturday.

Scott F. Redfield was a business visitor to LeRoy, N. Y., this week.

Sheriff W. H. Morrison had business in Kane the early part of the week.

Deputy Sheriff J. L. Morrison was a business visitor in Bradford yesterday.

Miss Frances Steinhauer returned to her home in Farmers Valley yesterday.

Harry Silman of St. Marys was a visitor in town the forepart of the week.

F. B. Granteer and daughter, Miss Elidia, of Crosby were visitors in town on Tuesday.

Walter A. Metcalf will spend the coming Saturday and Sunday in Rochester, N. Y.

The Rev. W. A. Harris was in Olean on Monday attending the Olean Ministers' Club.

Rev. W. E. VanDyke and infant daughter, Jane, were visitors in Bradford on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin returned home yesterday from a month's visit to New York City.

Mrs. Minnie Barrett and son Arthur, returned from an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. Frost of Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Webb B. Hopper of this office was called to Bradford last evening on account of the death of his aunt, Miss Sarah Wilson.

Hon. and Mrs. James A. McKean, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup and daughter, Marion, and son, William, leave next week for an extended Southern trip.

Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman left on Monday for Butler, Pa., where she will spend a few weeks while Mr. and Mrs. Williams take a trip through the South.

Mrs. S. D. Lemen left on Monday for the Eastern cities where she will spend two weeks buying millinery goods and studying the latest fashions for spring.

Ray Stark, who has been at Mt. Clemens, Mich., for the past three weeks under treatment, returned home last Saturday, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. W. Stark.

Mrs. Emma Miller, who has been the guest of her son and family at East Smethport, left with her daughter, Miss Mary, and Mrs. Woodard for their new home in California, Monday.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of Levaria Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at the premises of the Smethport Cut Glass Company in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pa., on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1910,

at 2 o'clock p. m. the following described property as a whole:

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the northeast corner of lot formerly conveyed to F. R. Knapp on the south side of Water Street; thence along the south line of water street east 76 feet to a stake; thence south eleven rods to the north line of land formerly owned by S. J. Gifford; thence west along the north line of said land formerly owned by S. J. Gifford to the southeast corner of Ford R. Knapp's lot (now land of A. T. Palmer); thence north along the east line of land now owned by A. T. Palmer to the place of beginning, having thereon a large three-story frame building fully equipped and used for the manufacture of cut glass, together with all the personal property, consisting of manufactured cut glass, cut glass in the process of manufacture, and blanks, machinery and fixtures, situated in said building or elsewhere, and bills receivable, rights, privileges and franchises of said Smethport Cut Glass Company.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Smethport Cut Glass Company at the suit of R. E. Burdick, Trustee.

F. D. Gallup, Plaintiff's Attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON,
Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 10, 1910.

The best pills DeWitt's Little Early Risers—the safe way, pleasant and sure little liver pills. DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is the original. Good for cuts, burns or bruises, and especially for piles. Sold by T. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

NEW FEED MILL

Having opened a new feed mill on EAST STREET we are prepared to furnish to all the best of mill stuffs

Flour,
Feed,
Grain,
Alfalfa,
Hay and
Straw

at lowest prices

A. E. Hacket & Son

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLER LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

WM. MONHEIMER.

First Come
First Served

We have 39 Suits and 22 Overcoats that were our "top-notchers" in style and quality and sold for $15, $16.50 and $17.50, which we will close at

$10.00 Each

COME QUICK

if you want to save from $5 to $7.50. The size you wear is here.

MONHEIMER'S

FRY & COMES

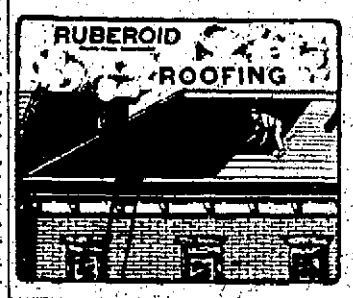
Laces & Embroideries

ONE-THIRD OFF REGULAR PRICES

To clear our stock before the arrival of spring purchases we offer our complete stock of Laces and Embroideries at a discount of 33⅓ per cent. from regular prices. This is an opportunity which you cannot as a user of lace and embroidery afford to miss. Our usual prices are lower than most stores, quality considered. This special sale enables you to purchase dainty trimming at about half the prices in other stores.

FRY & COMES.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

We are to advertise in this paper for some weeks,

AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHY:

The Fidelity Trust Company of Buffalo is a strong, conservative, yet progressive banking institution, and can offer exceptional advantages to its customers. It is to these advantages that we will call your attention.

INTEREST PAID AT 4%, COMPOUNDED EVERY THREE MONTHS

Send postal now for illustrated booklet.

THE FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY
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The Wise Judge

A Story of How President Lincoln Rectified an Injustice.

By JOHN JOYCE.

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In 1863 I was with the cavalry in the Army of the Potomac. I confess I never made a good soldier. I was too fond of an irregular life. I could never be disciplined. When the command was asleep I would be off on some adventure. There was a southern girl south of us, her home being most of the time within the southern lines, who captivated my youthful fancy, and I was constantly absent without leave visiting her.

On one occasion I would surely have been captured by some Confederates who called at the house had she not put me upstairs in one of the bedrooms. There I found some citizen's clothing and, putting it on, went down and mingled with the soldiers.

I gained some very important information from them about the enemy's movements, for I passed myself off for a redhot Confederate. They belonged to Jubal Early's command and told me that they were the advance of his force, intending to sweep around in our rear.

As soon as they had gone I rode away to my general and told him what I had heard. He sent out orders with a view to defeat their purpose, then said to me:

"I've been wondering for some time where I could get a man like you. I want some one for secret service work. I can get plenty of hired spies, but I dare not trust them. They will take my money to bring me information and take the Confederates' money to bring them information. But from what you have told me you're just the man for secret service work. Most men have a dread of being caught in citizen's clothes, with the penalty of swinging. You don't seem to mind the risk at all. Now, I wish you to go down on our left and find out what the enemy is about down there. I have reports that there is no force in that region at all, and I have reports that the enemy is concentrating there. Can't you go at once?"

"Yes, general," I said. "Shall I report your orders to my captain?"

"You were absent without leave on this little expedition, weren't you?"

"Yes, general."

"Well, you can continue absent without leave. If you report to your captain the men will know that something is up in your case and talk it over. I don't like any talk at all about secret service work. Besides, if you do well I shall make a regular secret service man of you, attaching you to these headquarters."

"Won't my comrades think I have deserted? I've always been in trouble with my captain—my own fault, of course, because, being of a roving disposition, I always objected to regular duties."

"That's just what I wish them to think of you. It will keep them from thinking anything else."

"But, general, if I should come back into our lines and not find you to vouch for me"—

"I'll fix that."

He sat at a table and scratched off an order attaching me to his headquarters and handed it to me.

"There," he said, "do what you like with that. But don't get caught with it on you in the enemy's lines or it will hang you."

I took the paper, put it in the lining of my hat and, with a godspeed from my commander, rode away into the darkness.

The first thing for me to do was to get citizen's clothes. I could do this and see my girl again at the same time. So I rode straight to the house where she lived with her mother, a widow, and a family of younger children. I awakened the household and told the girl that I wanted the clothing I had found upstairs and which she had told me belonged to a brother of her mother's who lived with them, but who was now in General Jackson's army. Both mother and daughter were rebels and wouldn't have given me the clothes had I not told them a cock and bull story about Confederates being after me. As soon as I was rigged out as a Virginia farmer, leaving my horse in their barn and my uniform in the garret of the house, I marched away on foot in a southwesterly direction toward the region I was to look into.

I had no sooner reached it than I saw indications of an important move on the part of the Confederates. The location was swarming with troops. My object was to return at once and report the fact to the general, but there were several things about me to lead them to suspect me. I couldn't talk like a southerner, didn't look or act like a southerner and told contradictory stories about my antecedents. Seeing that they were uncertain about me, I told them that what I most wished for was to fight for Dixie. So they enlisted me, and I thought I was all right. I was so fearful of being accused of desertion on my return that I kept the general's order concealed under the thin leather strip inside and over the sole of my boot, but as soon as I was suspected I hid it under a stone, marking the spot carefully.

I found myself marching with the very force I had come to spy upon against the very general who had sent me. There was a series of battles, with much slaughter on both sides. I watched for a favorable opportunity to regain my own comrades, but none occurred. The truth is my captain was watching me. At last the whole brigade to which I belonged was surrounded and captured.

I realized that I was in a precarious situation. All depended upon my communicating with the general who had sent me on my mission. What was my horror to learn that he had been killed in one of the recent battles.

All now depended on my not being recognized, but this hope failed me, for an enlisted man who knew me was one of our guard. He saw me and informed my captain. The captain came to see me, took me away from the Confederates and preferred charges against me for desertion and fighting against the United States.

The battles were ended for the time being, and a court martial to try me was speedily convened. There could be no greater offense in an army than the double one of desertion and being captured with arms in one's hands on the other side. I told my story, and, as I expected, it was not believed. My captain's testimony against me was very damaging. I spoke of the general's written order, which I had hidden within the enemy's lines, but it was regarded as a clumsy device. I was convicted and sentenced to be shot. I petitioned for a stay of execution of the sentence till I could have opportunity to secure the hidden order, but there had been a great deal of desertion, and I and several others were to be made summary examples for the army.

Whenever I hear people talking about "justice" and the difficulty of punishing crime on account of too much sentimentalism it makes me shudder. I was to be shot for serving my country only too well. And now at the end of half a century I look back with reverence to two people (one of whom was instrumental in saving me and the other saved me) as representatives of that class who would govern by kindliness and mercy rather than on principle. These two were my mother and President Lincoln, himself a martyr struck down by one who madly looked upon him as a tyrant.

Upon inquiry I learned that President Lincoln alone possessed the pardoning power, but that the generals who wished to maintain discipline in the army were doing all they could to prevent his exercising this prerogative in the cases of deserters. So I did not think it worth while to make an application. I wrote my mother of my situation, assuring her of my innocence, but telling her that I had little hope that I would escape a disgraceful death.

The poor old lady was advised by friends of President Lincoln's kind heart, and she left her quiet home to go to Washington to try to force her way, as she was told she would have to do, through officials and doorkeepers, with the hope that she might secure justice—real justice—from the head of the nation.

When she reached the capital she knew not what to do, so she followed a simple method that suggested itself to her. She wrote the president that she had come to Washington to ask him to see justice done to her soldier son, that his life might be spared for his country and for her. In a homely way she wrote the story, embodying the main points that I have given and asking that my execution might be deferred till I could secure the hidden order. When she had finished her letter, not doubting in her innocence that she would be accorded an interview with the president, she mailed it.

Within forty-eight hours a note came from one of the president's private secretaries stating that Mr. Lincoln would see her the next day at 12 noon. Alternating between hope and despair, she went to the White House at the appointed hour. When she was ushered into the president's private room he was sitting at a desk, while his two little boys were climbing all over him. My mother said afterward that they reminded her of the Lilliputians climbing over Gulliver. Mr. Lincoln rose—he was so tall that she thought he would never cease rising—and, taking her by the hand, led her to a seat.

"I have called for the papers in the case of your son," he said, "and had them examined and a report made to me. I have issued an order for a stay of execution until such time as a search can be made of the location where he hid his order. Meanwhile he is to be returned to duty."

My mother looked upon the result as still dependent upon finding evidence that would prove me innocent. But she was soon informed that it was equivalent to dropping the case against me. I was far more delighted with it than I would have been with a pardon. The moment I heard it I made a vow that I would go through fire and smoke to secure that order and would send it to the wisest of human judges, who had given me my life and an opportunity to prove his wisdom.

On being returned to duty I applied to my captain for permission to go on a hunt for my evidence. He told me to put my request in writing and he would forward it. I did so, and my petition came back with the coveted permission indorsed on it. Disguising myself, I again risked my life by going among Confederates and made straight for the stone under which I had hidden my paper. I found it, though dampened and blurred, still legible. Then I made my way safely back to camp.

From having been considered a deserter I was suddenly elevated to the position of a very daring fellow. I sent my order to President Lincoln and received a reply in his own handwriting.

What became of the southern girl? Oh, she's my old woman!

She Wasn't Afraid.

A crowd gathered on the street to watch a handsome fox terrier that was running about, nose in air. White froth was running from the dog's mouth.

"He's mad!" yelled a fat man.

The fox terrier stood in the center of the group with wide open eyes, either too mad or too frightened to move.

At this juncture the policeman arrived. A dozen voices began to tell him that the dog was mad; that it must be killed; that it had been snapping at the children; that it began to froth when it passed a pool of water, and how best to shoot.

A milk quiet looking woman pushed through the crowd and started toward the dog. A dozen men yelled at her. Two or three men grabbed at her.

She picked the dog up and started out of the crowd. The policeman stopped her with:

"Madam, that dog is mad. He must be shot. Look at the foam coming out of his mouth."

"Foam!" she said contemptuously. "That's a cream puff he was eating."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Printing a Coin on Linen.

The print of a silver coin or medal may be made on silk or linen by dipping the fabric in a solution of nitrate of silver and stretching it over the face of the coin until the image is imprinted. The linen is sensitized by dipping it into a solution of nitrate of silver, made by dissolving sixty or eighty grains of nitrate of silver in one ounce of water. Wet the portion of the cloth which is to receive the impression in the solution and when nearly dry draw it over the face of the coin and tie it at the back. Expose to a weak light, and in a few minutes the raised design of the coin will appear on the linen. As soon as the print is dark enough remove and wash in clear water. When nearly dry, iron it smooth with a warm iron, placing a piece of tissue paper over the print. In printing from the coin or medal it is advisable to paste a piece of paper on the reverse side, so that the silver will not come in contact with the sensitized fabric.

Student of Shakespeare.

The office boy sat in the corner busily engaged in reading a book. Strange to say, it was not "The Adventures of Bunko Jim," "Daisy Dean, the Demon Detective," nor even a thrilling narrative of more or less correct life on the plains. He was reading Shakespeare.

An expression of peace and joy was on his face that caused those who knew him to wonder if he had at last experienced a change of heart. His eyes sparkled, and his whole expression was one of happiness. Finally he turned to a worker at another desk.

"Say, Jim," he said, "I've got a question for you. Did you ever read Shakespeare?"

"Yep," was the reply.

"And d'yer know what he talks about?"

"Yep."

"Den maybe you can help me."

"What is it?"

"Well, I want to know which was de man, Romeo or Juliet?"—Youth's Companion.

Losing His Mind.

"Mother, guess you'd better send for th' doctor," gasped Uncle Charlie Seaver as he sank into a chair and rocked back and forth, holding his gray head.

"Sakes alive! Ye haven't been and got the misery in yer head, have ye, Silas?" gasped his astonished wife, dropping a pie tin.

"I dunno what's the matter, but I've alwus had a hunch my mind 'd go some time. It's cum, I guess. I noticed th' trouble fust last week when I plumb forget to go up an' swear off th' $100 assessment till it was too late. Then I neglected to go to th' school meetin' last night to fight agin the new commissioner. But, wuss and wuss, I didn't guess within eleven pound seven ounces of th' weight of Wal Weaver's big hog killed today. I guess my mind has gone all right. I'm about all in."—Puck.

Tuning Forks.

The tuning fork was the invention of John Stone, royal trumpeter, in 1811. Though the pitch of forks varies slightly with changes of the temperature or by rust, they are the most accurate means of determining pitch. Tuning forks are capable of being made of any pitch within certain limits, but those commonly used are the notes A and C, giving the sounds represented by the second and third spaces in the treble stave.

An Incentive.

"Won't you try to love me?" he sighed.

"I have tried," she replied kindly, but firmly.

"My rich aunt has just died," he went on.

"In that case, dear, I will try again."—Puck.

A Blunt Answer.

Mother (to her daughter)—You'd better accept Peter, my dear. He is a nice boy, though he may not be handsome. After all, good looks fade, don't they, papa? Father—Rather!—Fliegende Blatter.

The Ways of Men.

Many a man who would be unable to find the family Bible if he hunted all day would have no difficulty in putting his hand on the corkscrew, even in the dark.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Empty Dream.

Bobby—Say, sis, what's a "empty dream?" Dotty—One you have when you've been sent to bed without any supper.—Cleveland Leader.

Why I Love St. Valentine's Day

Because It Helped Me In My Courtship and to Get the Girl I Wanted.

By ARTHUR GRAY.

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A hundred years ago, when there were but a few million people in the United States, our progenitors fell in love in the old fashioned natural way and, being once in love, married as a matter of course, very few of them considering what they would live on in the married state. One reason for this, or cause, whichever one chooses to consider it, was that they fell in love and married young.

The reason why I appreciate St. Valentine's day is that it had a great deal to do with my present domestic happiness. A valentine began it, a valentine furnished means of keeping it up, and a valentine settled it.

Effie Winston at seventeen was at the exact age her mother married—married for love—married without any provision for the future. But Mrs. Winston married much later than a hundred years ago, when getting a living was easier and not so much was required. Consequently she didn't find married life as charming as it might have been had Effie's father had a fortune or at least an income commensurate with the requirements of an increasing family. Therefore, as might be expected, the lady did not propose that her sons should take wives until they could support them or that her daughters should marry men who were not prosperous.

This was sensible, but when a sensible idea is carried too far it ceases to be sensible. To come to the point, Mrs. Winston determined that her daughter Effie, in whom I came to be interested, should marry none other than a rich man. I wanted Effie, and I hadn't a cent. Ergo, Mrs. Winston was a very stupid and a very obstinate woman. This was my boyhood reasoning; and since I have grown to middle age I have not, in my case, seen any reason to change it. I confess, however, that my daughter Effie shall not marry a pauper.

I made Effie's acquaintance at dancing school. I asked her to dance with me twice in one of our afternoon dancing school meetings. St. Valentine's day came along soon afterward, and she sent me a valentine. This was the beginning of it. Indeed, the pretty little missive was my first intimation that a member of the opposite sex saw in me something more than in the other boys of her acquaintance. I didn't stop to consider that she might have sent one to a dozen other boys. If I had the heavenly flower of love might have been nipped in the bud. I know Effie had sent me the valentine, for, fearing I might be mistaken with regard to it, she scrawled her name on it. I assumed that the verses printed on it had been laid down there by the printer for the express purpose of letting me know that Effie loved me.

Many a verse, many a letter, has been penned by a woman who intends to tell of the love she bears a man that have not in them a tithe of the pure sentiment that came to me in those lines, which had been slung off in thousands by a pressman in a dirty apron. I dreamed over my valentine, and I dreamed of Effie. She is now very necessary to me, but she is incapable of inspiring me with any of that delicious feeling which welled up within me like waters fitted to be quaffed by angels. I carried it to school with me and at recess stole away from the other children to look at it. I had it with me in my room when I went to bed and studied it till I knew every flower, every vine, every cupid. It was the last thing I thought of before going to sleep and the first after awaking in the morning.

Where was I? I remember—I was abusing my future mother-in-law for being so stupid as to refuse me her daughter's hand. This was long after I had received the valentine, for Effie was nineteen and I was twenty. Effie was as stupid, I thought, as her mother about the matter, for although she declared she would never marry any one but me, she demurred at becoming my wife, I being in possession of an income of nothing a year. At any rate, she told me that, her mother having forbidden her from receiving or communicating with me, she would obey. Indeed, she was forced to obey. I couldn't take care of her as my wife, and I had no right to be dangling about her keeping desirable suitors away.

I accused her of heartlessness and other unattractive traits till I drew tears, then called myself a brute, then kissed her goodby and then went away determined to put myself in a position to earn enough to marry on.

I worked like a Trojan. I did not only my own work, but every one else's in the office where I was employed. While other boys who had no such spur as I had thought only of getting a holiday now and then or of shirking what work they didn't fancy I was thinking only of Effie and a tiny cottage. I worked all day and often at night. Indeed, I worked so hard that my employers noticed it and kept on raising my salary and advancing me till one day I was astonished at a proposition for me to manage the detail of the business at a salary of $6,000 a year.

While I was standing before the members of the firm with a puzzled look on my face I was not thinking of the proposition or the $6,000 a year; I was thinking of how to communicate the good news to Effie. I believed her mother would grow more and more difficult to satisfy in a pecuniary way each year, and I determined not to appeal to her, but to Effie direct. Three years had passed during which I had kept apart from Effie and Effie had kept apart from me. But how could I know whether she was unchanged? I couldn't. Suppose I wrote her to find out and received no reply. I wouldn't know whether my letter had fallen into her mother's hands or whether Effie had received it and did not care to renew our past relations.

And here comes in the second valentine. I was offered my new position the 1st of January, and in six weeks St. Valentine's day came round. I sent Effie, who was now twenty-two years old, a valentine. I was aware that the custom had even at that day fallen largely into the hands of children. I didn't intend to declare my love in verses that had now come to seem cheap to me. I used the valentine as a starter for a clandestine correspondence. I wrote a message on it in lemon juice, then indited in a disguised hand this couplet:

> If to know me you aspire
> Read my name before the fire.

You see letters written in lemon juice, though invisible before, when heated come out a brown color. Effie would apply the necessary heat. I only feared that she would throw the valentine in the wastebasket without reading the couplet.

That all turned out right was apparent in a letter I received from my valentine, for which I had given her an address. Effie was delighted at my success and said that she was very proud of me. She added, however, that, so far as obtaining her mother's consent to our marriage or even an engagement was concerned, it would be more difficult than ever. Her mother's figures for the fortune Effie's husband should possess were rising every day.

Effie and I after this continued to correspond clandestinely, she not knowing exactly what to do. She loved her mother, and she loved me. She had yielded to her mother's wishes so long as I was unable to support her, and, now that I was in a position to do so, she felt that something was due both to me and to herself. Matters were brought to a crisis by Mrs. Winston discovering our correspondence. A letter Effie had written me fell into her mother's hands.

It seems that Mrs. Winston had been on the watch for such a procedure and could not imagine how my first letter could have got into the house without her knowing it. Effie declined to enlighten her. That made the old lady very angry, and there was a great commotion in the Winston family. Of course the correspondence was stopped. Effie was forbidden to write to or receive letters from me under pain of being run off to Europe. In addition to the command Mrs. Winston set spies upon Effie, and she dared not post me a single note.

Matters went on in this way for nearly a year. One day a letter came to the Winston house that excited Effie's suspicions. It was now her turn to pry. The letter bore the business stamp of an agent of a steamship company. Effie steamed the envelope, opened it and read that her mother had engaged passage for two for Genoa, the vessel to sail on the 14th of February, or in about a week.

Here was a revelation. Something must be done. Something was done. And this is the way it was done.

Effie a week before St. Valentine's day went out and bought a supply of valentines for the children. The same evening she addressed a number of them, her mother asking why she was sending them so early, and she replying that they were going to distant places. She addressed and stamped them, managing to retain one, which she addressed to me. This she gave, with the others, to a maid to post, who mailed them without looking at the addresses.

This was the third and last valentine. I received it and read that Effie was ready to walk away with me to church before the sailing of the vessel that was to take her to foreign parts. She appointed a place of meeting and an hour. Indeed, she arranged everything to my satisfaction.

But there was very little time. The steamer was to leave at 1 p. m. on Feb. 14, and the appointment made by Effie to meet me was at dawn the same morning. Before any one in the house was awake she was up and dressed and stealing downstairs. Then she went out by a rear door. I was at the corner with a carriage, and when I saw her scudding toward me I opened the carriage door, we got in and were driven away.

I had arranged my part of the elopement and engaged a clergyman to be up and ready to perform a wedding ceremony when the cocks were crowing. We found him ready, and in a few minutes a knot had been tied that Mrs. Winston could not unloose. From the parson's we drove back to the house. Effie let us in with a night key, and we waited till her mother came downstairs to breakfast. Since she was to sail that day she was up early, and when she entered the room where we were and saw us sitting together her astonishment was unbounded. Effie said to her:

"Mother, I am of an age to think and act for myself. We are married. I have acted without your knowledge to save trouble, for I knew you would oppose me, and I had made up my mind to choose my own husband."

Well, it was made up in time, but not then. Mrs. Winston canceled her passage abroad, and Effie and I went on our wedding trip.

Is it a wonder that we both appreciate St. Valentine's day?

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F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 38, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. A. COLEGROVE Pres.
JENNIE EBERSPACHER, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 16, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
W. H. HOPPER, S.
K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 6 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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SELECTING THE BRONZE TURKEY.

A Thanksgiving Story.

By PORTE JEFFERSON.

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Amanda Butler cautiously opened the door of the turkey shed and flashed the rays of her lantern until they fell broadcast on the clumsy form of a large turkey in the corner. He roused as she approached and stretched himself for action.

It was the work of an instant for Amanda's nimble fingers to flash up to his legs, and when she darted back there dangled from one foot a strip of bright red flannel. When Amanda locked the door and turned away the victim of her craftiness was protesting loudly against the absurdity of wearing red flannel in August.

Jeremiah sat on the doorstep in his shirt sleeves, smoking a peaceful pipe.

"There," panted Amanda as she put out the lantern and sat down beside him and fanned herself with her sunbonnet; "I've got one job done."

"What's that?" queried Jeremiah lazily.

"Marked the Thanksgiving turkey."

"Which one?"

"The big bronze one. I've had him in mind for some time. He always roosts in the shed, so I caught him asleep just now and tied a red rag on his leg. I'll shut him up come the 1st of November."

"The big bronze turkey always roosts in the walnut tree. That's why I selected him for Thanksgiving dinner," remarked Mr. Butler deliberately. "Him a-roosting out of doors shows he has wild tastes, and what tastes better than wild turkey, I wanter know?"

Amanda received this unconscious witticism on her husband's part in stony silence.

"Of course I mean the biggest of them two bronze fellers," added Jeremiah after a while.

"I marked the biggest," said Amanda acidly.

Jeremiah whistled one stanza of "The Star Spangled Banner," knocked his pipe against the step and went into the house. A moment later Amanda heard him winding the kitchen clock preparatory to retiring for the night.



"PETE JONES IS COMING AROUND TO KILL THE TURKEY TOMORROW MORNING."

"A woman that's married might as well give up trying to have her way about anything," murmured Amanda discontentedly. "Just as if I didn't know that there turkey in the shed was the biggest of the two! If I don't eat that turkey I'll not eat any—so there! I'll show Jeremiah Butler I've got some gumption if I am a poor, miserable married woman!"

Having delivered herself of these sentiments, Amanda felt more cheerfully disposed and in her turn retired to bed, where her husband was already breathing loudly and harmoniously.

The next morning when she went out to feed the poultry two big bronze gobblers were stalking about the yard, each with a rag about one leg. The red flanneled turkey ruffled indignantly every time his beady eye caught sight of the objectionable color on his foot. The other one gazed mournfully at a piece of black tape that adorned his extremity.

Jeremiah crossed the yard with foaming pails of milk.

"What's that there black rag?" demanded Amanda angrily.

Her husband looked quizzically at her and then went on. "That there turkey is in mourning because he's going to be killed for Thanksgiving dinner," he said dryly.

Amanda said no more, but her plump face grew very pink, and her smooth forehead was creased in an anxious frown.

That morning the rival turkeys fought bitterly. Whether it was the red flannel which aroused the mourning turkey's gorge I cannot say. It is sufficient to note that they fought fairly and that the red flannel gentleman put the other to open flight. When it was all over Amanda went out and smilingly picked up several handfuls of bronze feathers.

Jeremiah, who had witnessed the battle through a crack in the barn door, grinned openly and went back to his neglected garden.

At night a remarkable thing happened. The victorious wearer of red sought a roost in the walnut tree, while the mourning turkey unceremoniously found refuge in the shed, and, strange to relate, he chose the very spot vacated by his rival.

All that summer and early fall Amanda and Jeremiah avoided the subject of turkeys. After events others understood that the topic was a disagreeable one, and so it was tacitly avoided by every one.

The first of November two bronze gobblers nervously paced two narrow pens. The red flannel turkey was generously fed by Amanda, while the black tape bird was as conscientiously stuffed by her husband.

Amanda grew nervous and irritable as the weeks wore on toward Thanksgiving. She did not really care which turkey she ate, for it had been a prosperous year with them, and she was thankful in every sense for the fullness of their cellar and granary. What she really did mind was the giving in to Jeremiah. She had always been the one to give in, and this time—it did seem for once as if he might let her have her way. It was true she had her way about everything concerning the household, but—

She baked and boiled and stewed for a fragrant week before the great feast day. There would be cousins from neighboring towns to dine with them, and the turkey must be slain and prepared the day before. Such a huge bird would be plenty for the ten who would be present. Amanda wished she might invite more, so that there would be some excuse for killing both birds, and thus cut the gordian knot of contention without loss of dignity to either Jeremiah or herself.

On the evening of the second day before Thanksgiving Jeremiah Butler and Amanda sat in the warm circle of light cast by the reading lamp. Jeremiah was reading the county paper, and his wife was sewing.

Suddenly Jeremiah looked up. "Pete Jones is coming around to kill the turkey tomorrow morning," he said, with assumed carelessness. "He'll get it all dressed and ready for you."

"I've been thinking," said Amanda slowly, "that you might as well kill that there black tape turkey of yours. He looks pretty well conditioned, and he's the biggest bird after all. I don't feel like as if I could have any contention this Thanksgiving. We've been so prospered this year."

Jeremiah coughed dubiously. "Amanda," he began rather sheepishly, "I did kind of a fool thing last summer. When you tied a rag on your turkey I went out the next morning and changed them rags. That's why your turkey went to roost with a black rag and mine went back to his tree with a red one. I meant it for a joke at first. I thought I'd have my way about killing the black one, and when we was eating it I was going to tell you it was your bird after all, but it looks silly now."

"It was silly," said Amanda energetically. "I almost made myself sick over them two turkeys. I don't know if I wanter eat neither one. If I had known you was trying to joke—why, I don't know as I ever know you to make a joke, Jeremiah!"

"I never did before," said Jeremiah, with a sickly smile. "I guess I won't again. I'll tell Pete to kill the black rag turkey, and then it'll be the one you s'lected."

"I'd ruther have the wild flavored one," admitted Amanda. "I'm partial to wild turkeys. Then it was your turkey that fit mine and made him run after all." She glanced at the bronze feathers above the clock.

"That there wild one was a gamy bird," chuckled Jeremiah, with another break into unconscious wit.

The next day when Pete Jones came to kill the turkey he found Jeremiah and Amanda busily engaged in cleaning silver.

"Which one of them two bronze gobblers shall I kill? One's as fat as t'other, and each one's got a dirty rag tide around his foot."

Jeremiah looked critically at a fork he was polishing, and then he turned a quizzical smile upon his wife.

"Kill 'em both, Pete, and take one home for yourself."

"And whichever one it is, Pete, enjoy it!" smiled Amanda at her reflection in a teaspoon.

Dilettante Alpinists.

The real Alps are not civilized. Never can they be civilized. True, highways have been built so that horse and motor can go where once only the guide led the way. The modern hotel is beside the clear blue lake under the shadow of the snow clad mountain, sometimes high upon a spur it has thrown out. You can linger over your table d'hote listening to the orchestra, dance all the evening, take baths, stroll on the promenades at the fashionable hour and say you have "done" the Alps. Yet you may only have seen them miles above you and have had not even a taste of the exhilaration, the joy of living, that comes only to the mountaineer. Then there is another way of saying you have been an Alpinist—a day or so walking amid the foothills on the lower slopes along the paths that have been trodden for centuries, worn smooth by peasant feet. Looking from some viewpoint upon the valley a thousand feet below, the visitor imagines that this is indeed mountaineering. But he does not know he is merely going over the pathways where the home people have gone, as their fathers and forefathers went from chalet to hamlet, to sell their cheese or eggs, or in their Sunday dress to hear the good man of the church—and forget it all in the neighborly gossip after service.—Putnam's Magazine.

The Leather of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the feet. Indeed, it is to those builders of the pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of footwear, and, so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archaeologists, the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of that name. It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used, and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found a means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the processes of finishing the leather, but, after all, the principals of tanning remain the same as they have been from the first.—London Globe.

Pesthaste.

He kicked off his wet boots, slid his tired feet into a pair of carpet slippers, lit his pipe, sat down in the easy chair with a sigh of relief and declared that twenty thousand wild horses couldn't make him stir from the house till morning.

"Henry," remarked the lady with the knitting needles, "you posted that letter I gave you this morning, I suppose?"

"I did, my love," he answered unblushingly.

"I asked me to postpone her visit for awhile," his wife went on. You see"—

Henry did see. His wife saw too. What she saw was the tired man jump from his chair, kick off his slippers, put on his boots and skip out into the street as if rain was the very thing he liked wading through.

And when, five minutes later, Henry came back with a tale that he'd just been to see how the thermometer outside the postoffice stood she smiled.—London Scraps.

Just Like Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties. The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing its loss is ascribed to the woman.

Constable Had the Evidence.

One of Philadelphia's leading corporation lawyers was visiting in New England, and, returning home, he told how he had been arrested there. He had not had a vacation for some years, and, getting into the country, he proceeded to be a boy again.

He struck a piece of country road and ran along for a half mile. He found a fence and vaulted it. He saw a tree and climbed it. Finally he returned to the village. Just as he struck the town a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a man said in a gruff voice:

"Come with me."

"What for?" inquired the other in amazement.

"I'm the constable, and you're under arrest. I've been following you, and I think you're crazy."—Philadelphia Times.

Cool Presence of Mind.

Debtor (to shopgirl)—It's an outrage for your employer to have you present this bill here at the railroad station in the presence of all these people! Tell him I'll attend to the matter as soon as I get home. And now give me a kiss, so the people will think that you are a relative and have come to bid me goodby!—Fliegende Blatter.

A Risky Study.

"Why have you dropped your popular astronomy?" asked the visitor.

"'Cause I got too many lickings," confided Tommy. "The other night I told pa that Mars' face was ever changing, and ma heard me and thought I meant her face. Next thing I didn't get any supper and got a licking besides."—Chicago News.

Ministers Aboard Ship.

A minister aboard ship has always been taken as a "Jonah sign" by seamen. In recent years, however, this superstition has been modified to a certain extent. A young minister, the seamen believe, will not bring as much of a "Jonah" with him as an old one.

Simplicity Itself.

"There are only two points in success."

"What are they?"

"Work and keep other people from working you."

Do It Now.

Decision never becomes easier by postponement, while habit grows stronger every day. Common sense as well as conscience says, "Choose this day."

The feet of Fate are tender, for she sets her steps not on the ground, but on the heads of men.—Homer.

SKIPPER BEN'S GIRL.

The Treasure That Came to the Lonely Fisherman.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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If in your travels you ever visit the rugged coast of New England you may come upon the Cove, with its cluster of brown, gray and black wooden houses, having queer, uneven roofs and crooked chimneys, and its narrow strip of pebbly beach, backed by high, forbidding rocks.

You are very likely to find boats drawn up upon the beach, some of them overturned for calking, and great heaps of kelp and seaweed and layers of salt hay, showing how far up the water comes at high tide.

And climbing over the boats or playing along the beach I am quite sure you will find a little girl—a brown faced, barefooted little girl in a faded pink frock, whose hair is like seaweed, a rich chestnut underneath, but faded to a sort of nutty tinge where the sun strikes it.

If you ask this little girl who she is she will peep shyly up at you through



LYING ON THE BEACH WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

her tangled hair, with a pair of eyes that will win your love and admiration at once, and will answer, "Dolly!"

Then she will run away and hide among the boats, with her brown curls shaken over her blushing cheeks.

But if you ask any one else, say the old lobster man yonder examining his lobster pots beside his warped and leaky old dory, or, better still, old Captain Graves as he stands on the wharfs every day or sits by the stove in Lisha Tucker's store telling of the fishing when he was young, he will say:

"That? Oh, that's Skipper Ben's gal!"

It is a strange story, and it all happened some years ago—a great many years ago, Dolly would say—when Skipper Ben was not a skipper at all, but merely a brown skinned young fisherman.

He lived with his old mother in the little brown house that stands quite by itself by the waterside and whose eaves almost touch the ground. And over in the blackish looking cottage with the shingles down the sides lived his sweetheart, a rosy lass named Dolly.

They had always been friends ever since they were old enough to go about and sailed boats together in the pools among the rocks or fished from the wharfs. As they grew older the cove "just kind of understood" that they were to be married as soon as Ben should become owner or part owner of a fishing vessel.

Ben was an industrious fellow and was always off on the banks. Each time he came home he laid a little money away in an old stocking, for he was saving up to buy his boat, and once while he was on a fishing cruise with Captain Pratt the captain told him of a prime little schooner he had at home in the cove, which Ben might secure for the contents of his stocking and in payment for his services that season.

Ben came home a happy youth. He had already christened his new possession the Dolly. And as he walked up the narrow, crooked street of the little fishing town he wondered why all of his old comrades should look at him with such solemn, pitying glances.

Poor Ben! He soon learned why they all looked pityingly at him. His sweetheart, Dolly, was dead. Two weeks before she had been buried in the little graveyard on the hill.

Poor Ben, indeed!

He was never the same man afterward. He kept the Dolly and took a pride in her, going off to the banks and becoming in time one of the first fishermen in the Cove. But he never was a boy again. All his old light heartedness had vanished, and he became grave, moody and silent. For some years he lived, when he was at home, alone in the little brown house—for his old mother was dead, too. A lonely time he had of it when he was not at the banks. In the evenings he would sit for hours with his pipe, staring into the fire and thinking how different it all might have been if only Dolly had lived.

One night there was a terrible storm, and Skipper Ben sat by his lonely hearth smoking and thinking. The wind blew and howled about the little brown house. It rushed down the chimney and beat against the side of the house until it rocked. But Ben does not notice a bit of wind.

Presently his gloomy thoughts got the better of him. The tiny room seemed to grow as narrow and as suffocating as a grave, and he rushed out into the night and the storm, where he could draw in deep breaths of the wild salt air.

There was no rain, but the clouds were scurrying swiftly across the sky. And well they might with such a wind at their heels.

Such a wind! If Ben had not been the broad, sturdy fellow that he was it would have blown him off his feet. But as it was he strode up and down the beach with long, fierce strides and heeded neither the wind nor the roaring surf.

Was it strange that, with the fierce storm raging without and the equally fierce storm raging within, Skipper Ben should not have heard the shrieks and cries of distress that night? Not so very strange, I think, but what was strange was that above all the din and commotion he should have heard a feeble wail—the faintest little wail in the world.

But he heard it at any rate and hurried to the spot whence it came.

There, lying on the beach, with its frock securely fastened to a broken spar, was a little child.

"Why, you poor little creeter!" exclaimed Ben as he unfastened the dress. "How'n the world did you git out here?"

The baby stopped crying as soon as she saw him and, stretching out her tiny arms, gave a little chuckle of delight.

He picked her up tenderly and, wringing out the soaked little garments, which were like cobwebs and were trimmed with the finest lace, buttoned her up inside his heavy jacket.

Then it was that he heard the shouts and cries for the first time and saw men running helplessly up and down the beach and gazing seaward.

What were they looking at? Looking at nothing. They were staring and gaping at the place where a good ship had just gone to pieces. Could no one be saved? No; it was impossible. No boat could live in such a surf, and there is, moreover, no lifeboat at the Cove.

The ship went to pieces where she struck. Of all the crew not one lived to tell the tale, and of all the passengers not one was saved except the little baby buttoned up under Skipper Ben's rough pilot jacket.

But the baby lived and was like a sunbeam in the little brown house, for no one talked of putting her in the asylum. Nor is there any orphan asylum at the Cove, though there are orphans in plenty, for many a good fellow goes to the banks never to return, not supposing that he has said goodby for the last time to the youngsters at home.

The baby cried for "mamma" a little at first, but she soon learned to say "Ben" instead. And from that day on the little room never became narrow and stuffy, and "Ben's" pipe was the pipe of peace and comfort.

The next year, when he went to the banks, he left her in the care of Lisha Tucker's wife at the store, but the year after she cried so hard when he was going that he took her with him. And ever since she has been his constant companion, and he named her Dolly.

Five years have passed since that stormy night, and Dolly is six years old. She is a bright, happy little girl, and she loves the grim old ocean dearly, even if it did so nearly become her tomb.

Sometimes in the evening when the wind is blowing and shaking the little brown house and the fire is roaring brightly and merrily up the chimney Skipper Ben will tell Dolly how he found her lying on the beach securely fastened to a broken spar.

Then he will pull out a little old, worn leather trunk and will take from it the once dainty baby clothes. They are yellow now and still stained with sea water. He will hold the delicate fabric in his hard, rough hand with reverential awe and look with wonder at the little faded blue ribbons that once were shoulder knots.

"I wonder who your parents was?" he says to Dolly. "Only think what you might ha' been! Why, you might ha' been a markis!"

Skipper Ben's round blue eyes become rounder and bluer at the thought, and he takes his pipe from his mouth.

"You might ha' been a dorchess!"

But Dolly shakes her head with her brown curls and lays her cheek against Ben's rough coat, saying: "No, no! I'd rather be Skipper Ben's girl!"

A Man and His Room.

"Play cards with a man for an hour and you will know him better than if you had met him in the drawing room every evening for a year," says a German writer. But Sonia in the Paris Figaro suggests another character barometer. A never failing test is the hotel room. The way a man arranges his room in a hotel shows whether he has been well reared, what his ideas of propriety are, whether his bump of order has been developed, whether he is methodical or slovenly, and one may even know by the way wearing apparel, ornaments and baggage are disposed of in a room which the occupant knows he will remain in only a few days whether he is thoroughly or superficially educated. "If I had a daughter for whom a young man sued," says Sonia, "I would have him go to a summer resort where I could surprise him in his hotel room. In less than fifteen minutes my verdict would be rendered on the basis of the room's appearance."

A Reluctant Candidate.

During a local election in a German town only one man appeared at the nomination desk.

"Whom do you nominate?" inquired the official.

"Myself," was the answer.

"Do you accept the nomination?"

"Well, no."

The officer laughed and said:

"Then we must try again. Whom do you nominate?"

"Myself."

"You accept the nomination?"

"No."

A subdued "Donnerwetter!" escaped the lips of the perplexed official, but he went on:

"For the third time, whom do you nominate?"

"Myself," came the invariable reply.

"Do you accept the nomination?"

The man rose up, and a smile of satisfaction spread over his face as he answered proudly:

"Having been three times solicited by my fellow citizens to accept the nomination, I can no longer decline to accede to their wishes." He then retired.

The Opal.

In judging an opal color is of the greatest importance. Red fire or red in combination with yellow, blue and green is the best. Blue by itself is quite valueless, and the green opal is not of great value unless the color is very vivid and the pattern very good. The color must be true—that is to say, it must not run in streaks or patches, alternating with a colorless or inferior quality. Pattern is an important factor, the several varieties being known as "pin fire" when the grain is very small, "harlequin" when the color is in small squares, the more regular the better, and the "flash fire," or "flash opal," when the color shows as a single flash or in very large pattern. Harlequin is the most common and is also popularly considered the most beautiful. When the squares of color are regular and show as distinct minute checks of red, yellow, blue and green it is considered magnificent. Some stones show better on edge than on top.—Exchange.

Kept Them Dancing.

A Washington official, speaking of blunders in the diplomatic service, told of a mistake committed by an American in Afghanistan. He said:

"This American entertained the shahzada for three days, giving him a very handsome suit of rooms in his house. The morning of the shahzada's arrival the American host visited him in his apartment and was amazed to see the royal guest and his entire staff hopping about the floor in the oddest way. They conversed politely and gravely; but, instead of walking, they hopped, taking great leaps of eight or nine feet. The host ventured to ask the reason of this hopping. The shahzada politely replied:

"'You see, this carpet is green, with pink roses here and there. Green is a sacred color with us, so we are obliged to hop from rose to rose. It is good exercise, but rather fatiguing, I confess.'"

A Lively Office.

In his recollections in Blackwood's Magazine Sir Robert Anderson tells an amusing story of the days when he was employed at the home office. On his arrival one morning at the office he found a note from Sir James Fergusson's private secretary—his intimates called him "Creeper"—announcing that at 3 o'clock precisely an old hat, lately the property of the chief clerk, would be kicked off from the end of the corridor and requesting the favor of Sir Robert's presence. When Big Ben struck 3, Sir Robert heard Creeper's cheery voice ring out, "All on side; play!" They all turned out and the game began. On emerging from an unusually hot scrimmage Sir Robert became conscious of the presence of a stranger at his side, a timid little Frenchman, who meekly inquired, "Is ziss ze office for ze naturalization?" Sir Robert adds, "It was!"

Why He Cried.

The sympathetic neighbor asked: "Is your little brother ill this morning, Johnnie? I heard him crying in the most heartrending manner."

"No; not exactly," Johnnie explained, "but Willie pulled down a jug of molasses on himself in the pantry, and mother has been trying to comb his hair."—Exchange.

Livingstone.

Of Dr. Livingstone it was said by Stanley that the missionary lived for years among the most cruel and ignorant savages in the world, but he never fired a shot in anger, never "clubbed or clouted or banned or blasted." His manner was that of a "cool, wise old man who felt offended and looked grave."

Circumstances Reversed.

Unkempt Smith—Mister, would youse kindly help a poor man as is all in, down and out? Jocular Citizen—Why, certainly. Just climb the fire escape on that skyscraper across the street and walk in on the top floor. Then you will be all out, up and in.—Judge's Library.

It's Good Point.

"But," asked the long haired young man, "is there nothing at all about poetry that you like?"

"Yes," replied Crabbe. "Whenever I see a poem it makes me feel good to realize that there's no law to compel me to read it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

No grip is so hard to shake off as that of early convictions.—Maurice Thompson.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1910,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210 and 3166 being Lot No. 81 Biddle street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the north east corner of Biddle and Hacker streets; thence by the north line of Biddle street north eighty one degrees, twenty minutes east, fifty one feet to a driven iron pipe, corner lot No. 82; thence by land of Girard in lot No. 82 north twenty degrees west one hundred and fifty feet; thence by the south line of an alley parallel to Biddle street south eighty one degrees twenty minutes west fifty one feet to the east line of Hacker street; thence by the east line of Hacker street south twenty degrees east one hundred and fifty feet to the place of beginning. Containing 7500 square feet more or less and to be used only for a site for one dwelling house and the usual and customary outbuildings pertaining thereto. As surveyed by G. H. Lyon in May, 1906. Having thereon erected one two story frame dwelling house.

Siezed, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Baptiste Fouyon at the suit of John Kebler.
R. J. Campbell, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain tract, piece or parcel of land situate in Wetmore Township, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being a part of Warrant No. 3160, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a post the south east corner of lands of J. A. Gustafson; thence by said land north fourteen degrees thirty minutes west fifty two rods and five tenths of a rod to a post; thence by land under contract to the said Gustafson and land under contract to P. Wahlstrom south eighty two degrees thirty minutes east forty two rods and seven tenths of a rod to a post; thence by land of Jacob Starllef south five degrees west forty nine rods and eigth tenths of a rod; thence by the north side of the Big Level Road old line north eighty one degrees west twenty five rods and three tenths of a rod to the place of beginning. Containing ten acres and seventy one perches, and containing, after deducting the Right of Way of the Big Level and Bradford Railroad, a net acre of ten acres and sixty eight one thousandths of an acre. Reserving and excepting thereout a strip of land sixty feet wide being thirty feet on each side of the Big Level and Bradford Railroad now Pittsburg and Western Railway extending across the said lot.

Being the same premises conveyed by Sophia Dorthea Norlin to Lucretia Van Orsdale, by deed dated March 13, 1907, and duly recorded, on which said premises there is erected a two story frame dwelling house, a small barn, chicken houses and usual out-buildings.

Siezed, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Lucretia Van Orsdale and Lynn Van Orsdale at the suit of Sophia Dorothea Norlin.
Mullin & Woods, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that piece of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the West line of Pearl Street distant South twenty-seven (27) degrees East eight (8) rods from the Southeast corner of land of the American Extract Company; thence along the south line of a lot conveyed to G. W. Witte, South sixty (60) degrees West six and thirty-three and one half hundredths (6.23½) rods to the right of way of the Railroad Company; thence along same South twenty-seven (27) degrees East eight (8) rods; thence North sixty (60) degrees East six and twenty-three and one half hundredths (6.23½) rods to the West line of said Pearl Street; thence along same North twenty-seven (27) degrees West eight (8) rods to the place of beginning. Containing Fifty (50) square perches of land be the same more or less.

Improved and having thereon one two story factory building, equipped with machinery for manufacturing furniture.

Siezed, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Port Allegany Furniture Manufacturing Co. at the suit of The Citizens' National Bank of Port Allegany, Pa.
C. W. Catlin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcels and tracts of land situate, lying and being in Eldred and Ceres Townships, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

FIRST. BEGINNING at a post in the middle of the public highway leading from Bullis to Eldred, and in the west line of lot No. 29 of the allotment of Keating lands in Ceres Township; thence south one hundred twenty-seven (127) rods to a post; thence east one hundred thirty four (134) rods to a hemlock in the warrant and township line; thence south one hundred ninety-two (192) rods to a post in the north line of No. 87 of the allotment of Keating lands in Ceres Township; thence west thirty and five-tenths (30.5) rods to a post; thence north fifty-five (55) rods to a post; thence west seventy-two (72) rods to a post; thence south fifty-five (55) rods to a post; thence east forty-one and five-tenths (41.5) rods to a post; thence south forty-two (42) rods to a post; thence east fifty-six (56) rods to a hemlock in the township line; thence south seventy-eight (78) rods to the northeast corner of land conveyed by Wm. K. King to John Walsh; thence west one hundred (100) rods to the northwest corner of land conveyed to Patrick Walsh; thence (by land conveyed to Edgar C. Walcott) north one hundred forty (140) rods to a post; thence west one hundred seventy five and six tenths (175.6) rods to a maple corner; thence north seventy-two and four-tenths (72.4) rods to a beech; thence east seven and five-tenths (7.5) rods to a post; thence north one hundred seventy-two (172) rods to the middle of the before mentioned highway; thence along said highway by the several courses and distances thereof to the place of beginning. CONTAINING four hundred twenty (420) acres, more or less, about two acres improved, and having thereon one 1 and ½ story frame house and usual outbuildings.

Excepting and reserving out of the above tract of land a certain tract of land conveyed to D. Thayer, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a post in the middle of the public highway leading from Bullis Mills to Eldred and in the west line of lot No. 29 of the allotment of Keating lands in Ceres Township; thence south one hundred twenty-five and four-tenths (125.4) rods to a post; thence west eighty (80) rods to a post; thence north eighty-three and seven-tenths (83.7) rods to the right of way of the Pennsylvania Railroad; thence north 56 degrees East fifty-two (52) rods to the place of beginning. CONTAINING fifty and six-tenths (50.6) acres.

ALSO, EXCEPTING AND RESERVING the following described tract of land: BEGINNING at the south-east corner of D. Mulvey lot in the Township line; thence South along said Township line to the top of the hill; thence along the ridge to a point far enough so that a line parallel with township line will make fifty (50) acres; thence East along South line of D. Mulvey lot to place of beginning. CONTAINING fifty (50) acres, being land now owned by Al. Simons.

EXCEPTING AND RESERVING also the School House lot between the highway and the railroad.

SECOND. ALL that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a post in the north line of lot No. 89, and being the southeast corner of lot No. 84 of the allotment of Keating lands in Ceres Township; thence north one hundred twenty-three (123) rods to a beech; thence south 75 degrees east eighty-three (83) rods to a beech; thence north one hundred sixty (160) rods to a post; northwest corner of beech; thence north one hundred sixty (250) rods to a post; thence north forty (40) rods to a post; thence east one hundred twenty (120) rods to a post; thence south fifty-four and five-tenths (54.5) rods to a post; thence west eleven (11) rods to a hemlock; thence south eighty-nine and six-tenths (89.6) rods to a post; thence east sixty (60) rods to a post; thence south sixty-seven and five-tenths (67.5) rods to a post; thence west eighty-two (82) rods to a post; thence south one hundred twelve and five-tenths (112.5) rods to a beech; thence west forty-five (45) rods to a post; thence north twenty (20) rods to a hemlock; thence west three hundred seventy-five rods to the place of beginning. Being lots Nos. 80, 81, 82, 84, 301, 302, 303, and 447 of the allotment of Keating lands in Ceres Township, and containing seven hundred (700) acres, more or less, about thirty acres improved, and having thereon two 1 & ½ story houses, each with an attached, one 1 story house, one new bank barn 30x40 feet, one small barn, one log stable, a well of water and usual outbuildings.

Sold as the property of A. B. Mann, to the 700 acre tract is now vested in Hamlin and Forrest, it being understood that the legal title

Siezed, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Arthur B. Mann at the suit of John Forest and Mary H. Forrest, Executors of Byron D. Hamlin, deceased.
Gorton & Richmond, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

5.

Dfendant's interest in all that piece of land situate in Annin Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post the Northwest corner of land contracted to Benj. Johnson; thence by the West line of same South 17 degrees East 142 perches to a post in South line of lot No. 302 C. A. Dolley, and the Southwest corner of Benj. Johnson; thence by the South line of lot No. 302 West forty six perches to post the Southeast corner of lands contracted to William Eschenfelder; thence by East line of same North 12 degrees West, 130 perches to a sugar tree corner; thence North 63 degrees East 36 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 34 acres, strict measure, be the same more or less, and being part of lot number 302, and of Warrant No. 2214 of the allotment of lands of Hamlin; Hamlin and Forrest in Annin Township. Excepting and reserving the Petroleum, Oil and Gas from the above described grant, said reservation to be in accordance with the deed of said land from Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest to C. A. Dolley, bearing date Nov. 13, 1888.

About twenty acres cleared.

Siezed, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of I. N. Miller at the suit of C. A. Dolley.
C. W. Catlin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant 3210 being Lot No. 33 Pine Avenue, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the north line of Pine Avenue, seventy feet (70 ft) eastwardly from the northeast corner of Pine Avenue and Edgar street; thence along the East line of Lot 31, northwardly, one hundred and thirty five feet (N 135 ft) to the south line of an alley running parallel to Pine Avenue; thence along the south line of said alley eastwardly sixty feet (E 60 ft) to a post; thence by land of E. F. Allson southwardly one hundred thirty five (S 135 ft) to the North line of Pine Avenue; thence along the said North line of Pine Avenue, thirty (30 ft) feet from the center line thereof, westwardly sixty feet (W 60 ft) to the place of beginning. Containing eight thousand one hundred square feet of land (8100 sq. ft.), to be used as a site for one dwelling house with the customary out buildings.

The above described being the same premises conveyed by Elizabeth D. Kane to Leonard S. Bancroft of the first part hereto by deed dated October 28th, A. D. 1907 and intended to be recorded at the time of recording these presents.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Siezed, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Leonard S. Bancroft at the suit of Mutual Guarantee Building & Loan Association, &c.
H. G. Burkhouse, Plaintiff's Attorney.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that parcel of land in Port Allegany Borough. Described as follows: Beginning at a point in the South line of Mill Street at North east corner of C. O. Laymon; thence S. 30 degrees E. 16 rods to North line of Harrison Street; thence N. 60 degrees E. 109½ feet to South West corner of Nels R. Anderson; thence N. 30 degrees W 100 feet to a corner; thence N. 60 degrees E. 50 feet to a corner; thence N. 30 degrees W 161 feet to a corner; thence thence S. 60 degrees W. 158½ feet to the place of beginning. Containing 30,841 Square feet.

Unimproved.

Siezed, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Walter B. Moore, Deft., with notice to Birdie M. Moore, Terra Tenant, at the suit of The First National Bank of Port Allegany, Penna.
S. W. Smith, Plaintiff's Attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON,
Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 9, 1910.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 210, October Term, 1909.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Elizabeth May Stetson did, on the 24th of August, 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frederick Stetson.

We therefore command you, the said Frederick Stetson that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, next to answer the petition or libel of Elizabeth May Stetson and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elizabeth May Stetson, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 2, 1910.
D. H. Jack, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 98, October Term, 1909.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lizzie Craft did, on the 2nd day of Sept. 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles D. Craft.

We therefore command you, the said Charles D. Craft, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1909, to answer the petition or libel of Lizzie Craft and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lizzie Craft, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910
D. H. Jack, Attorney for Libellant.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 58, October Term, 1909.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Thiena Block did, on the 22nd day of June 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause, therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Abraham Block.

We therefore command you, the said Abraham Block that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer, the petition or libel of Thiena Block and show cause, if any you have, why the said Thiena Block your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.
Mullin & Mullin, Attorney for Libellant.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 17, October Term, 1909.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, William B. Reed did, on the 5th day of June, 1909, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Emma Reed.

We therefore command you, the said Emma Reed that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of William B. Reed and show cause, if any you have, why the said William B. Reed your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sherriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.
V. B. Bouton Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 191, Oct. Term, 1909.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, George L. Pritchard, on the 17th day of August, 1909, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Addie Pritchard.

We therefore command you, the said Addie Pritchard, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of George L. Prichard and show cause, if any you have, why the said George L. Prichard, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 3, 1910.
Sheridan Gorton, Libellant's Attorney.

A Feast for Five Hungry People

There's a full meal for five hungry people in every package of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

A delicious meal you can have ready for the table in less time than it takes to make coffee.

A breakfast or luncheon feast that will cost you only 10 cents.

The finest kind of a meal any family ever had placed before them.

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TRADE
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The Choicest of Food

The whole world knows that fish is one of the most nourishing and strengthening foods in existence.

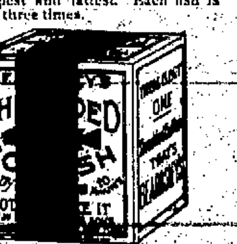
And, as we prepare it, it is also one of the choicest.

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We use none but cod of superior quality.

We get them from Northern waters. The fish which feed here attain a superlative flavor.

And of these select fish we pick only the plumpest and fattest. Each fish is examined three times.



THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND

Lined with wax-paper. No preservative whatever, save the purest and finest sea-salt. Also packed in tin and glass.

Then we take only the best part of each fish—the sweetest, most delicate meat.

We remove all the bones. Our wonderful Shredding Process makes the meat fine and fluffy and dainty.

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Instead of Meat or Eggs

Just to let your family learn how good it is, serve Beardsley's Shredded Codfish tomorrow.

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Once your folks get a taste of this food, they'll want you to have it often. There are dozens of delicious ways to prepare it. So no one ever tires of it.

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There is other codfish in packages. But Beardsley's is the only Shredded Codfish. Our wonderful Shredding Process is patented. So please see that you get Beardsley's—the package with the red band. For that is the kind you will like.

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20% to 50% REDUCTION

There is a reason for everything. There is a reason for this sale—a real reason—viz: Our desire to make as much of a clearing as possible each season before Inventory of that season's stock. This is not a new idea, but a new one to the Fur Business. Some Furriers are satisfied to carry over one season's stock to the next season. We cannot conform with this old-fashion idea—it is not the modern way of doing business. We cannot carry over one season's stock to the next—the insurance and storage are too expensive, and we require the room for our new stock, which we manufacture during summer months. We have had an immense trade this season—much better and larger than has ever been known in Buffalo, and we are now satisfied to clear out our entire remaining stock regardless of cost.

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The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? What so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

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I have several fine fertile farms under good cultivation, with excellent farm houses, commodious barns and farm creameries, one or more of which may be let March 1st, and possession given about April 1st. Very favorable terms on shares or for money rent, if preferred, will be given to capable, temperate, honest and industrious farmers. Early application is requested.

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DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

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Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

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